

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

### CHAPTER XV.

THE two supple dusky forms went whirling so fast, there was no grasping them to part them. But presently the negro seized the Hindoo by the throat; the Hindoo just pricked him in the arm with his knife, and the next moment his own head was driven against the side of the cabin with a stunning crack; and there he was, pinned, and wriggling, and bluish with fright, whereas the other swart face close against his was dark grey with rage, and its two fireballs of eyes rolled fearfully, as none but African eyes can roll.

Fullalove pacified him by voice and touch: he withdrew his iron grasp with sullen and lingering reluctance, and glared like a disappointed mastiff. The cabin was now full, and Sharpe was for putting both the blacks in irons. No splitter of hairs was he. But Fullalove suggested there might be a moral distinction between things that looked equally dark to the eye.

"Well, then, speak quick, both of you," said Sharpe, "or I'll lay ye both by the heels. Ye black scoundrels, what business have *you* in the captain's cabin, kicking up the devil's delight?"

Thus threatened, Vespasian panted out his tale: he had discovered this nigger, as he persisted in calling the Hindoo, eternally prowling about the good captain's door, and asking stupid questions: he had watched him, and, on the surgeon coming out with the good news that the captain was better, in had crawled "this yar abominable egotisk." And he raised a ponderous fist to point the polysyllables: with this aid the sarcasm would doubtless have been crushing: but Fullalove hung on the sable orator's arm, and told him dryly to try and speak without gesticulating. "The darned old cuss," said Vespasian, with a pathetic sigh at not being let hit him. He resumed; and told how he had followed the Hindoo, stealthily, and found him with a knife uplifted over the captain—a tremor ran through all present—robbing him. At this a loud murmur filled the room; a very ugly one, the sort of snarl with which dogs fly at dogs' throats with their teeth, and men fly at men's throats with a cord.

"Be quiet," said Sharpe, imperiously. "I'll have no lynching in a vessel I command. Now then, you sir, how do you know he was robbing the captain?"

"How do I know? Yah! yah! Cap'n, if you please you tell dis unskeptical gemman whether you don't miss a lilly book out of your bosom!"

During this extraordinary scene, Dodd had been looking from one speaker to another, in great surprise and some confusion: but, at the negro's direct appeal, his hand went to his breast and clutched it with a feeble but heartrending cry.

"Oh, him not gone far. Yah! yah!" and Vespasian stooped, and took up an oilskin packet off the floor; and laid it on the bed: "dis child seen him in dat ar nigger's hand: and heard him go whack on de floor."

Dodd hurried the packet into his bosom, then turned all gratitude to his sable friend: "Now God bless you! God bless you! Give me your honest hand! You don't know what you have done for me and mine."

And, sick as he was, he wrung Vespasian's hand with convulsive strength, and would not part with it. Vespasian patted him soothingly all over, and whimpered out: "Nebber you mind, cap'n! You bery good man: dis child bery fond of you a long time ago. You bery good man, outrageous good man, dam good man! I propose your health: invalesce directly!"

While Dodd was speaking, the others were silent out of respect: but now Sharpe broke in, and, with the national desire to hear both sides, called on Ramgolam for his version. The Hindoo was now standing with his arms crossed on his breast, looking all the martyr, meek and dignified. He inquired of Sharpe, in very broken English, whether he spoke Hindostance?

"Not I: nor don't act it neither," said Sharpe. At this confession Ramgolam looked down on him with pity and mild contempt.

Mr. Tickell was put forward as interpreter.

*Ramgolam (in Hindostance.)* He, whom Destiny, too strong for mortals, now oppresses with iron hand, and feels with the bread of affliction—

*Mr. Tickell (translating).* He, who by bad luck has got into trouble—

*Ramgolam.* Has long observed the virtues that

embellish the commander of this ship resembling a mountain, and desired to imitate them—

*Tickell.* Saw what a good man the captain is, and wanted to be like him—

*Vespasian.* The darned old cuss.

*Ramgolam.* Seeing him often convey his hand to his bosom, I ascribed his unparalleled excellence to the possession of some sovereign talisman. (Tickell managed to translate this sentence all but the word talisman, which he rendered—with all a translator's caution—"article.") Finding him about to depart to the regions of the blessed, where such auxiliaries are not needed, and being eager to emulate his perfections here below, I came softly to the place where he lay—

*Tickell.* When I saw him going to slip his cable, I wanted to be as good a fellow as he is, so I crept alongside—

*Ramgolam.* And gently, and without force, made myself proprietor of the amulet, and inheritor of a good man's qualities—

*Tickell.* And quietly boned the article, and the captain's virtues. I don't know what the beggar means.

*Ramgolam.* Then a traitor with a dark skin, but darker soul—

*Tickell.* Then another black hearted nigger—

*Ramgolam.* Came furiously and misappropriated the charm thus piously obtained—

*Tickell.* Ran in and stole it from me.

*Ramgolam.* And bereft me of the excellences I was inheriting: and—

Here Sharpe interrupted the dialogue by putting the misappropriator of other men's virtues in irons: and the surgeon insisted on the cabin being cleared. But Dodd would not part with the three friends yet; he begged them to watch him, and see nobody else came to take his children's fortune.

"I'll sink or swim with it; but, oh, I doubt we shall have no luck while it is aboard me. I never had a Pirate alongside before, in all these years. What is this?—here's something *in* it now; something hard—something heavy: and—why, it is a bullet!"

On this announcement, an eager inspection took place: and, sure enough, a bullet had passed through Dodd's coat, and waistcoat, &c., and through the oilskin, and the leather pocket-book, and just dented the "Hard Cash;" no more.

There was a shower of comments and congratulations.

The effect of this discovery on the sick man's spirits was remarkable. "I was a villain to belie it," said he. "It is my wife's, and my children's; and it has saved my life for them."

He kissed it, and placed it in his bosom, and soon after sunk into a peaceful slumber. The excitement had not the ill effect the surgeon feared: it somewhat exhausted him; and he slept long: but, on awakening, was pronounced out of danger. To tell the truth, the tide had turned in his favour overnight; and it was to con-

vey the good news on deck the surgeon had left him.

While Dodd was recovering, the Agra was beating westward, with light but contrary winds: and a good month elapsed without any incident affecting the Hard Cash, whose singular adventures I have to record. In this dearth please put up with a little characteristic trifle, which did happen one moonlight night. Mr. Fullalove lay coiled below decks in deep abstraction meditating a patent: and, being in shadow and silent, he saw Vespasian in the moonlight creeping on all fours like a guilty thing into the bedroom of Colonel Kenealy, then fast asleep. A horrible suspicion thrilled through Fullalove: a suspicion he waited grimly to verify.

The transatlantic Mixture, Fullalove, was not merely an inventor a philanthrope a warrior a preacher a hunter a swimmer a fiddler a sharp fellow a good fellow a Puritan and a Bohemian; he was also a Theorist: and his Theory, which dub we

#### THE AFRICAN THEORY,

had two branches. 1. That the races of men started equal: but accident upon accident had walked some tribes up a ladder of civilisation, and kicked others down it, and left others standing at the foot.

2. That the good work of centuries could be done, at a pinch, in a few generations, by artificial condensation of the favourable circumstances. For instance, secure this worker in Ebony 150 years' life, and he would sign a penal bond to produce Negroes of the fourth descent, equal in mind to the best contemporary white. "You can breed Brains," said he "under any skin, as inevitably as Fat. It takes time and the right crosses; but so does Fat; or rather it did; for Fat is an institution now." And here our Republican must have a slap at thrones; "Compare," said he, "the opportunities of these distinguished Gentlemen and Ladies with their acts! Their seats have been high, but their minds low, I swan. They have been breeders for ages: and known the two rudiments of the science; have crossed and crossed for grenadiers, race-horses, poultry, and prize bullocks; and bred in and in for fools; but which of them has ever aspired to breed a Newton, a Pascal, a Shakespeare, a Solon, a Raphael? Yet all these were results to be obtained by the right crosses, as surely as a swift horse or a circular sow. Now fancy breeding short-horns when you might breed long heads." So Vespasian was to engender Young Africa; he was to be first elevated morally and intellectually as high as he would go, and, then set to breed; his partner, of course to be elected by Fullalove, and educated as high, as she would consent to without an illicit connexion with the Experimentalist. He would be down on their Pickaninnies, before the parents could transfer the remnant of their own weaknesses to them, polysyllables included; and would polish these ebony chips: and, at the next cross, reckoned to

rear a genius, by which time as near as he could calculate, he the Theorist would be in his dotage: and all the better; make a curious contrast, in favour of young Africa.

Vespasian could not hit a barn door sitting—with a rifle: it was purely with a view to his moral improvement, mind you, that Fullalove invited him into the mizentop to fight the Pirate. The Patient came gingerly and shivered there with fear. But five minutes elapsing, and he not killed, that weakness gave way to a jocund recklessness; and he kept them all gay with his quaint remarks, of which I must record but one. When they crossed the stern of the Pirate, the distance was so small that the faces of that motley crew were plainly visible: now, Vespasian was a merciless critic of coloured skins; "Wal," said he, turning up his nose sky high, "dis child never seen such a mixallaneous biling o' darkies as this yar; why darned ef there ain't every colour in the rainbow; from the ace of spades down to the fine dissolving views." This amazing description, coupled with his look of affront and disgust, made the white men roar; for men fighting for their lives have a greater tendency to laugh than one would think possible. Fullalove was proud of the critic, and for a while lost sight of the Pirate in his theory; which also may seem strange. But your true theorist is a man apart: he can withdraw into himself under difficulties. "What said one of the breed two thousand years ago?"

Media inter prælia semper  
Sideribus,coelique plagis Superisque vacavi.

"Oh the great African heart!" said Fullalove, after the battle. "By my side he fears no danger. Of all men negroes are the most capable of friendship; their affection is a mine: and we have only worked it with the lash; and that is a ridiculous mining tool I rather think."

When Vespasian came out so strong versus Ramgolam, Fullalove was even more triumphant: for after all it is not so much the heart, as the intelligence, of the negro, we albiculi affect to doubt.

"Oh, the great African intellect!" said Fullalove, publicly, taking the bull by the horns.

"I know," said Mrs. Beresford, maliciously; "down in the maps as the great African Desert."

To balance his many excellences Vespasian had an infirmity. This was, an ungovernable itch for brushing whites. If he was talking with one of that always admired, and now beloved, race, and saw a speck of dirt on him, he would brush him unobtrusively, but effectually, in full dialogue: he would steal behind a knot of whites and brush whoever needed it, however little. Fullalove remonstrated, but in vain; on this one point Instinct would not yield to Reason. He could not keep his hands off a dusty white. He would have died of the miller of Dee. But the worst was he did not stop at clothes; he loathed ill-blackened shoes: woe to all foot-leather that did not shine; his own skin furnished a perilous standard of comparison. He was eter-

nally blacking boots en amateur. Fullalove got in a rage at this, and insisted on his letting his fellow-creatures' leather alone. Vespasian pleaded hard, especially for leave to black Colonel Kenealy. "The cunnel," said he, pathetically, "is such a tarnation fine gentleman spoilt for want of a lilly bit of blacking." Fullalove replied that the colonel had got a servant whose mission it was to black his shoes. This simply amused Vespasian. "A servant?" said he. "Yah! yah! What is the use of white servants? They are not biddable. Massa Fullalove, sar! Goramighty he reared all white men to kick up a dust, white servants inspecially, and the darkies to brush 'em; and likewise additionally to make their boots shine, a lilly bit." He concluded with a dark hint that the colonel's white servant's own shoes, though better blacked than his master's, were anything but mirrors, and that this child had his eye on them.

The black desperado emerged on tiptoe from Kenealy's cabin, just as Macbeth does from the murdered Duncan's chamber: only with a pair of boots in his hand instead of a pair of daggers; got into the moonlight, and finding himself uninterrupted, assumed the whistle of innocence, and polished them to the nine, chuckling audibly.

Fullalove watched him with an eye like a rattlesnake: but kept quiet. He saw interference would only demoralise him worse: for it is more ignoble to black boots clandestinely, than bravely: men ditto.

He relieved his heart with idioms. "Darn the critter; he's fixed my flint eternally. Now I cave. I swan to man I may just hang up my fiddle: for this darkie's too hard a row to hoe."

It was but a momentary dejection. The Mixture was (inter alia) a Theorist and an Anglo-Saxon; two indomitables. He concluded to temporise with the Brush; and breed it out.

"I'm bound to cross the obsequious cuss with the catawampiouslest gal in Guinea: and one that never saw a blacking bottle, not even in a dream." *Majora canamus.*

Being now about a hundred miles South of the Mauritius, in fine weather with a light breeze, Dodd's marine barometer began to fall steadily: and by the afternoon the declension had become so remarkable, that he felt uneasy, and, somewhat to the surprise of the crew,—for there was now scarce a breath of air,—furled his slight sails, treble reefed his topsails, had his top-gallant, and royal, yards, and gaff topsail, sent on deck, got his flying jib boom in, &c., and made the ship snug.

Kenealy asked him what was the matter?

"Barometer going down; moon at the full; and Jonah aboard," was the reply, uttered doggedly.

Kenealy assured him it was a beautiful evening, precursor of a fine day. "See how red the sunset is:

Evening red and morning grey  
Are the sure signs of a fine day."

Dodd looked, and shook his head. The sun was red : but the wrong red : an angry red : and, as he dipped into the wave, discharged a lurid coppery hue that rushed in a moment like an embodied menace over the entire heavens. The wind ceased altogether : and in the middle of an unnatural and suspicious calm the glass went down, down, down.

The moon rose : and instantly all eyes were bent on her with suspicion ; for in this latitude the hurricanes generally come at the full moon. She was tolerably clear, however ; but a light scud sailing across her disc showed there was wind in the upper regions.

The glass fell lower than Dodd had ever seen it.

He trusted to science ; barred the lee-ports, and had the dead lights put into the stern cabin and secured : then turned in for an hour's sleep.

Science proved a prophet. Just at seven bells, in one moment, like a thunderbolt from the sky, a heavy squall struck the ship ; and laid her almost on her beam ends. Under a less careful captain her lee-ports would have been open, and she would have gone to the bottom like a bullet.

"Ease the main sheet !" cried Sharpe, hastily, to a hand he had placed there on purpose : the man, in his hurry, took too many turns off the cleet, the strain overpowered him, he let go, and there was the sail flapping like thunder, and the sheet lashing everything in the most dangerous way. Dodd was on deck in a moment. "Up mainsel ! Get hold of the clue garnets, bunt-lines, and leech-lines ; run them up !—Now then, over to wind'ard ! Let go the main-bowling !—Keep to the run, men !—Belay !"

And so the sail was saved.

"Folkstle, there !"

"Sir !"

"Hands up : furl sails !"

"Ay, ay, sir."

(Pipe.) "All hands furl sail, ahoy !"

Up tumbled the crew, went cheerily to work, and by three bells in the middle watch, had furled the few remaining sails, and treble reefed the main topsail : under this last the ship lay to, with her head as near the wind as they could bring it, and so the voyage was suspended.

A heavy sea got up under a scouring wind that rose and rose, till the Agra, under the pressure of that single sail treble reefed, heeled over so as to dip her lee channels. This went on till the waves rolled so high, and the squalls were so bitter, that sheets of water were actually torn off their crests and launched incessantly on deck, not only drenching Dodd and his officers, which they did not mind, but threatening to flood the ship.

Dodd battened down the hatches, and stopped that game.

Then came a danger no skill could avert : the ship lurched so rapidly that the seams of her works opened and shut : she also heeled over so

violently now, as not merely to dip, but bury, her lower deck port-pendants : and so a good deal of water found ingress through the windage. Then Dodd set a gang to the pumps : for he said : "We can hardly hope to weather this out without shipping a sea : and I won't have water coming in upon water."

And now the wind, raging and roaring like discharges of artillery, and not like wind as known in our seas, seemed to have put out all the lights of heaven. The sky was inky black, and quite close to their heads : and the wind still increasing, the vessel came down to her extreme bearings, and it was plain she would soon be on her beam ends. Sharpe and Dodd met, and holding on by the life-lines, applied their speaking trumpets tight to each other's ears ; and even then they had to bawl.

"She can't carry a rag much longer."

"No, sir ; not half an hour."

"Can we furl that main tautsle ?"

Sharpe shook his head. "The first moment we start a sheet, the sail will whip the mast out of her."

"You are right. Well then, I'll cut it away."

"Volunteers, sir ?"

"Ay, twelve : no more. Send them to my cabin."

Sharpe's difficulty was to keep the men back, so eager were the fine fellows to risk their lives. However, he brought twelve to the cabin, headed by Mr. Grey, who had a right, as captain of the watch, to go with them ; on which right he insisted in spite of Dodd's earnest request that he would forego it. When Dodd saw his resolution, he dropped the friend, and resumed the captain : and spoke to them through a trumpet ; the first time he had ever used one in a cabin or seen one used.

"Mr. Grey, and men, going aloft to save the mainmast, by cutting the sail away."

"Ay, ay, sir !"

"Service of danger, great danger !"

"Hurrah !"

"But great dangers can be made smaller by working the right way. Attend ! Lay out all on the yard, and take your time from one ; man at the lee yard arm : don't know who that will be ; but one of the smartest men in the ship. Order to *him* is : hold his knife hand well up ; rest to see ! and then in knives altogether : mind and cut from you, and below the reef band ; and then I hope to see all come down alive."

Mr. Grey and his twelve men left the cabin : and hey ! for the main top. The men let the officer lead them as far as Jacob's ladder, and then hurrah for the lee yard arm ! That was where all wanted to be, and but one could be : Grey was as anxious as the rest : but officers of his rank seldom go aloft, and soon fall out of their catlike habits. He had done about six ratlines, when instead of going hand over head, he spread his arms to seize a shroud on each side of him : by this he weakened his leverage,



and the wind just then came fiercer, caught him, and flattened him against the rigging as tight as if Nature had caught up a mountain for a hammer and nailed him with a cedar; he was spread-eagled. The men accepted him at once as a new patent ratline with a fine resisting power: they went up him, and bounded three ordinary ratlines at a go off all his promontories, especially his shoulders, and his head, receiving his compliments in the shape of hearty curses: they gained the top and lay out on the yard with their hair flying like streamers: and who got the place of honour, but Thompson, the jolly fore-topman, who couldn't stand smoked pea soup. So strong and so weak are men.

Thompson raised his knife high; there was a pause: then in went all their knives, and away went the sail into the night of the storm, and soon seemed a sheet of writing-paper and more likely to hit the sky than the sea. The men came down, picked their officer off the rigging, had a dram in the captain's cabin, and saw him enter their names in the log-book for good service, and in the purser's for extra grog on Sundays from there to Gravesend.

The ship was relieved; and all looked well, till the chronometer, their only guide now, announced sunset: when the wind, incredible as it may appear, increased, and one frightful squall dipped the muzzles of the lee carronades in the water.

Then was heard the first cry of distress: an appalling sound; the wail of brave men. And they had borne it all so bravely, so cheerfully, till now. But now they knew something must go, or else the ship; the suspense was awful, but very short. Crack! crash! the fore and main topmast both gone; short off by the caps; and the ship recovered slowly, hesitatingly, tremblingly.

Relieving her from one danger this subjected her to another and a terrible one. The heavy spars that had fallen, unable to break loose from the rigging, pounded the ship so savagely as to threaten to stave in her side.

But neither this stout captain nor his crew shirked any danger men had ever grappled with since men were; Dodd ordered them to cut away the wreck to leeward: it was done: then to windward: this, the more ticklish operation, was also done smartly: the wreck passed under the ship's quarter, and she drifted clear of it. They breathed again.

At eight bells in the first watch it began to thunder and lighten furiously; but the thunder, though close, was quite inaudible in the tremendous uproar of the wind and sea. It blew a hurricane: there were no more squalls now; but one continuous tornado, which in its passage through that great gaunt skeleton, the ship's rigging and bare poles, howled and yelled and roared so terrifically, as would have silenced a salvo of artillery fired alongside. The overwhelming sea ran in dark watery mountains crested with devilish fire. The inky blackness

added supernatural horror; the wrath of the Almighty seemed upon them: and his hand to drop the black sky down on them for their funeral pall. Surely Noah from his ark saw nothing more terrible.

What is that? close on the lee bow: close: the flash of a gun: another; another; another. A ship in distress firing minute guns, in their ears; yet no sound: human thunder silenced, as God's thunder was silenced, by the uproar of his greater creatures in their mad rage. The Agra fired two minute guns to let the other poor ship know she had a companion in her helplessness, and her distress; and probably a companion in her fate. Even this companionship added its mite of danger: for both ships were mere playthings of the elements; they might be tossed together; and then, what would be their fate? Two eggs clashed together in a great boiling caldron, and all the life spilt out.

Yet did each flash shoot a ray of humanity and sympathy into the thick black supernatural horror.

And now came calamity upon calamity. A tremendous sea broke the tiller at the rudder-head, and not only was the ship in danger of falling off and shipping the sea; but the rudder hammered her awfully, and bade fair to stave in her counter, which is another word for Destruction. Thus death came at them with two hands open at once.

These vessels always carry a spare tiller: they tried to ship it: but the difficulty was prodigious. No light but the miserable deck lantern—one glow-worm in Egypt supernaturally darkened—the Agra never on an even keel, and heeling over like a sea-saw more than a ship; and then every time they did place the tiller, and get the strain on with their luff tackles, the awful sea gave it a blow and knocked it away like a hair.

At last they hit it off, or thought they had, for the ponderous thumps of the rudder ceased entirely. However, the ship did not obey this new tiller like the old one: her head fell off in an unlucky moment when seven waves were rolling in one, and, on coming to the windward again, she shipped a sea. It came in over her bow transversely; broke as high as the main-stay, and hid and buried the whole ship before the mast: carried away the waist bulwarks on both sides, filled the launch, and drowned the live stock which were in it: swept four water-butts and three men away into the sea, like corns and straws; and sent tons of water down the fore-scuttle and main hatchway, which was partly opened not to stifle the crew; and flooded the gun deck ankle deep.

Dodd, who was in his cabin, sent the whole crew to the pumps, except the man at the wheel; and prepared for the worst.

In men so brave as he was, when Hope dies, Fear dies. His chief care now was to separate the fate of those he loved from his own. He took a bottle, inserted the fatal money in it, with a few words of love to his wife, and of

direction to any stranger that should fall in with it: secured the cork with melted sealing-wax, tied oilskin over it and melted wax on that; applied a preparation to the glass to close the pores: and to protect it against other accidents, and attract attention, fastened a black painted bladder to it by a stout tarred twine, and painted "Agra, lost at sea," in white on the bladder. He had logged each main incident of the storm with that curt, business-like, accuracy, which reads so cold and small a record of these great and terrible tragedies. He now made a final entry a little more in character with the situation: "About eight bells in the morning watch shipped a heavy sea forward. The rudder being now damaged, and the ship hardly manageable, brought the log and case on deck, expecting to founder shortly. Sun and moon hidden this two days, and no observation possible; but by calculation of wind and current, we should be about fifty miles to the southward of the Mauritius. God's will be done."

He got on deck with the bottle in his pocket, and the bladder peeping out: put the log, and its case, down on deck, and by means of the life-lines crawled along on his knees, and with great difficulty, to the wheel. Finding the man could hardly hold on, and dreading another sea, Dodd, with his own hands, lashed him to the helm.

While thus employed, he felt the ship give a slight roll, a very slight roll to windward. His experienced eye lightened with hope, he cast his eager glance to leeward. There it is a sailor looks for the first spark of hope. Ay, thereaway was a little, little gleam of light. He patted the helmsman on the shoulder and pointed to it; for now neither could one man speak for the wind, nor another hear. The sailor nodded joyfully.

Presently the continuous tornado broke into squalls.

Hope grew brighter.

But, unfortunately, in one furious squall the ship broke round off so as to present her quarter to the sea at an unlucky moment: for it came seven deep again, a roaring mountain, and hurled itself over her stern and quarter. The mighty mass struck her stern frame with the weight of a hundred thousand tons of water, and drove her forward as a boy launches his toy-boat on a pond; and, though she made so little resistance, stove in the dead lights and the port frames, burst through the cabin bulkheads, and washed out all the furniture, and Colonel Kenealy in his nightgown with a table in his arms borne on water three feet deep; and carried him under the poop awning away to the lee quarter deck scuppers; and flooded the lower deck. Above, it swept the quarter deck clean of everything except the shrieking helmsman; washed Dodd away like a cork, and would have carried him overboard if he had not brought up against the mainmast and grasped it like grim death, half drowned, half stunned, sorely bruised, and gasping like a porpoise ashore.

He held on by the mast in water and foam, panting. He rolled his despairing eyes around: the bulwarks fore and aft were all in ruins, with wide chasms, as between the battlements of some decayed castle: and through the gaps he saw the sea yawning wide for him. He dare not move: no man was safe a moment, unless lashed to mast or helm. He held on, expecting death. But presently it struck him he could see much farther than before. He looked up: it was clearing overhead; and the uproar abating visibly. And now the wind did not decline as after a gale; extraordinary to the last, it blew itself out.

Sharpe came on deck, and crawled on all fours to his captain, and helped him to a life-line. He held on by it, and gave his orders. The wind was blown out; but the sea was as dangerous as ever. The ship began to roll to windward. If that was not stopped, her fate was sealed. Dodd had the main trysail set, and then the fore trysail, before he would yield to go below, though drenched, and sore, and hungry, and worn out. Those sails steadied the ship; the sea began to go down by degrees; the celestial part of nature was more generous: away flew every cloud, out came the heavenly sky bluer and lovelier than ever they had seen it: the sun flamed in its centre. Nature, after three days' eclipse, was so lovely: it seemed a new heavens and a new earth. If there was an infidel on board who did not believe in God, now his soul felt Him, in spite of the poor little head: as for Dodd, who was naturally pious, he raised his eyes towards that lovely sky in heartfelt, though silent, gratitude to its maker for saving the ship and cargo and her people's lives, not forgetting the private treasure he was carrying home to his dear wife and children.

With this thought, he naturally looked down: but missed the bladder that had lately protruded from his pocket; he clapped his hand to his pocket all in a flutter. The bottle was gone. In a fever of alarm and anxiety, but with good hopes of finding it, he searched the deck: he looked in every cranny, behind every coil of rope the sea had not carried away.

In vain.

The sea, acting on the buoyant bladder attached, had clearly torn the bottle out of his pocket, when it washed him against the mast. His treasure then must have been driven much farther: and how far? Who could tell?

It flashed on the poor man with fearful distinctness that it must either have been picked up by somebody in the ship ere now, or else carried out to sea.

Strict inquiry was made amongst the men.

No one had seen it.

The fruit of his toil and prudence, the treasure Love, not Avarice, had twined with his heart-strings; was gone. In its defence he had defeated two pirates, each his superior in force;

and now conquered the elements at their maddest. And in the very moment of that great victory—It was gone.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF YOURSELF.

CAREFUL mammas are apt to box the ears of little girls who jump up on chairs to look at themselves in the glass—at least careful mammas were wont so to do in the primitive ages, when the ears of little girls could, under any circumstances, and for any misdeeds, be boxed at all. But no amount of smarting or smiting can, I take it, cure little girls when grown up, of a habit which is as natural to them as that of nursing a doll when they are little. Indeed, I see no valid reason why it should. It is all very well for us, grizzled and wrinkled ones, whose good looks are of antediluvian date, to inveigh against female vanity, coquetry, display, and the like; but none of our fierce invective will alter the real and immutable state of the case—that it is one of the chiefest points in that “woman’s mission” about which so much insupportable clap-trap has been lately said and sung, to look comely and graceful, in order that she may attract men, and, in process of time, get married, and become the happy mother of blooming children. Now, this comeliness and gracefulness, if the requirements of civilisation are to be consulted, are unattainable without a mirror. Beauty when unadorned adorned the most, is a charming bit of word jingling; but Cicely Mop the dairymaid, without even a scrap of looking-glass to assist her in parting her hair symmetrically and adjusting her neck-ribbon in a becoming manner, will scarcely persuade Colin Clout the ploughman to ask her to wed. Miss Feejee, the island beauty, may contrive to stick a fish-bone through her nose, and plaster her cheeks and forehead with ochre and orpiment, without the aid of a toilet-mirror; but still, she would give her ears for the merest fragment of a ship captain’s shaving-glass. Ask the “prison matron” what is the direst punishment that female convicts have to undergo. She will tell you that it is not low diet, or the dark cells, or even hair-cutting—agonising as the tonsure is. It is the *deprivation of looking-glasses*.

Boys, whose “mission” it is not—or at least, it should not be—to fascinate, are not much given to surveying their own reflexions in polished surfaces. I did once know a boy at school who was continually staring into a glass; but vanity was not his motive. He was a boy with a raw talent for making grimaces, and being, besides, of an ambitious turn, the notion had grown upon him that he could, by assiduous practice, put his tongue into his ear. He studied this difficult feat with such pertinacity, and with such horrible distortions of his facial muscles, that we, his admiring schoolfellows, began to think of lock-jaw, and grew alarmed. One of us happened to remember the old story of the madman, who, standing at the top window

of an asylum with a sane person, remarked what rare sport it would be if he were to fling him out of it; to which the sane person had the sagacity to reply that the sport would be much easier if he, the maniac, would step down to the court-yard, and try to jump up to the window. The madman had never thought of that, he said; and, stepping down accordingly, was promptly pounced upon, and popped into a padded room. Applying this apologue by analogy, the juvenile sage I speak of suggested to the boy who made faces, that he would gain everlasting renown if he could only contrive to force his nose into one of his eyes. He tried, and failed, naturally, and, falling from the giddy height of his ambition, took a soberer view of things, and let his tongue alone for the future.

To sneer at a woman for spending a large proportion of her time at the dressing-table is a fashion as old as envy, malice, and other uncharitableness; but no rational male could be seriously angry with his spouse, or his sister, or his sweetheart, for resorting to the indispensable aid of the mirror towards enhancing her personal charms. If bonnets ceased to be properly tied, and pork-pie hats coquettishly adjusted; if ladies had not looking-glasses to counsel them how much pearl-powder to put on, and how much to rub off; there would be an end, I apprehend, to society. Let me put a case. Have you ever seen a lady come down to dinner, or into the drawing-room to respond to a morning call, with a small circular dab of some floury substance on the tip of her finely-chiselled nose? I have. That farinaceous disc has at once made havoc of all her charms, stultified her jewellery, rendered nugatory all her Maltese lace, deleted her mauve ribbons. The cause of the catastrophe has generally been self-evident. She has completed her toilette in a hurry, and forgotten that last and supreme glance at the looking-glass after applying the powder-puff. There are ladies, you may object, who never use powder. Ask them. Ask the photographers. Ask the chemists and druggists.

The ladies, I am emboldened to hope, will render me a proper meed of gratitude for this candid defence of their right to gaze upon their own sweet reflected images as long and as frequently as ever they please. But I intend to go a step further. Men are given, as a rule, to look with aversion and contempt on members of their own sex who habitually take counsel of the looking-glass. When I was a little boy, the nursemaid used to warn me off the reflective premises by telling me that if I looked in the glass too long, I should see the devil leering over my shoulder. I think, now, that a little imprisonment and hard labour would have done that nursemaid no harm. As we grow up, we fall into the habit of sneering at the man who is fond of viewing himself. We brand him as a softy and a sillikin. We speak of him as a “grinning ape.” The prejudice against such a Narcissus is strengthened by the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, he is really and wholly a fool. Thus, Lord Claude Miffles, who looks at

himself all dinner-time in a spoon, and Sir Ricketts Tufton, who always carries a hunting watch, in order that he may survey himself in the polished convexity of the case under pretext of ascertaining the time, have notoriously not an ounce and a half of sense between them. A man must be very hard pushed to know how to employ himself if he goes mirror hunting out of doors. Abroad his business is clearly not to look at himself, but at other people, in order that he may observe their ways, and gather truth and knowledge, according to his lights. But at home and in solitude this obligation in no wise holds good. When you are between four walls, and have only your looking-glass to keep you company, I say to you, young, middle aged, old, stare into it; look at yourself; compare yourself with the self of the day before yesterday—of ten, of twenty years ago. Take stock of the human countenance, and see how much of the divine element yet lingers in its lineaments. You were not always ugly. In infancy you might not have been quite a cherub; yet there was something in your babyhood that was beautiful. All callow as you were, your brow was open, your cheeks were smooth, your eyes clear. There was a smile on your lips sometimes. Run over your features now. Has the "thick-set hazel died" from your topmost head? Has the "hateful crow" trodden down the corners of your eyes? Have the crisp corners become blunt or defaced, or, worse still, have the smooth mouldings been broken into jagged angles or ploughed into deep indentations? You are bald; you are grey; your skin has more of the shagreen than the satin in its texture; you must call on the dentist to-morrow. A little Kalydor or Toilet Vinegar might do you good. Alas! you are long past the aid of Rowland or Rimmel. Can J. O. Bully build up Babylon again? Can Rowland restore the Roman forum? Can Truefitt give back to Tyre its pristine splendour? Who has done all this mischief? Time? Ah! Time has a broad back between his wings. Do you think that Time gutted and unroofed all those hoary castles on the Rhine? Those who know the country and its history will tell you that the Grand Monarque and the Great Napoleon, with their shells and their cannons, did ten times more than Time to ruin the old schlossen between the Seven Mountains and the Lorelei. Have you never wasted a palatinate? Have you never blown up Mayence? Look at your face. What do all those lines mean? Study? Thought? Care? Where is the result? Whence came the care? Look at your face, and be wise ere it is too late.

There was a touch of quaint self-knowledge in that gambling baronet, who, after he had lost a few thousands over the hazard-table at Crookford's, would walk up to a plate-glass mirror, and shake his fist at himself, and exclaim, "Ah, you fool! you infernal fool! For twopence I would knock your head off your shoulders. You needn't scowl at me, you black-looking scoundrel. I say you are a fool—a confounded fool!" But the baronet should have gone

through this pantomime in his own chamber, and alone, before he dressed for Pall-Mall and St. James's-street.

Judiciously and cautiously conducted, periodical self-examination in the looking-glass may be highly advantageous. Of course the outward guise—even in solitude, when the best worn mask will fall off—is not invariably the criterion of the inner man. One of the most dissipated persons—the most incorrigible nightbird I ever knew—had quite a seraphic countenance. It was wonderful to see him, the morning after an orgie (he never having been to bed), with his fair glossy hair curling over his white temples, a roseate bloom (not a flush) on his downy cheek, his blue eyes sparkling, and his whole self looking as though he fed on curds and whey and roasted butterflies' wings. He went down hill garlanded with flowers; but down he went, nevertheless, and fell to pieces suddenly.

While I am writing about looking-glasses comes across me the reminder that, so far as the philosophical study of one's self is concerned, modern science has very nearly succeeded in superseding the use of looking-glasses. A friend, five hundred miles away, sends me her photographic carte de visite. Well, what of that? She might have sent me a miniature. But a miniature costs much money, and is not easily sent by post; and moreover, without intending the slightest disrespect to miniature painters, I venture this statement:—that they are, in general, sad flatterers. Now, the camera obscura never flatters. It disparages. If you go into it ugly, you come out of it uglier. How stern old Oliver Cromwell would have delighted in a sitting to a photographer! Not a wrinkle, not a pimple, in that rough face would the impartial lens have spared. If photography had only existed three hundred years ago, what strange commentaries might we not now possess on the reputed beauties and gallants whose adulatory portraiture has come down to us! Queen Bess's carte de visite might be that of a coarse ill-favoured old hag; half King Charles's beauties might appear as snub-nosed and square-jawed as the beauties of the ballet that you may purchase now-a-days in the Burlington Arcade, or the Passage Choiseul. La Belle Stuart might seem sun-freckled, and Mrs. Braecigirdle wall-eyed; Marlborough a round pot-bodied common kind of man; and Lord Chesterfield a vulgar looking "gent."

I think that a man anxious to obey the precept "Know thyself," might gather much intimate self-acquaintance if he had his carte de visite taken at least once a month—with a life-sized photograph once a year. He should keep the collection, not for public exhibition, but for private contemplation. He should muse over his multiplied effigies, and write marginal notes in the album where they are enshrined. Let there be no touching up, no smoothing away of furrows, no darkening of hair and whiskers. Let him insist on having the real, raw, untampered with, photographs. And, when he winds his way to the operator's studio, let him go in



his ordinary costume—unkempt, if it be his custom not to brush his hair—shabby, if he be usually averse from sacrificing to the graces. When he sits or stands, let him assume his natural attitude—or no attitude; which is the most natural one of all. Let him sternly repudiate the traditional book, or pencil, or scroll, and kick away the carefully draped table, the eternal arm-chair, the scene-painted columns, curtain, and balustrade—all the hackneyed “properties” of the photographer. The picture of a man with a wall behind him, is all he needs.

I have a neat little collection of cartes de visite of this kind. I even go further. When I take a long suburban walk, or a run to a provincial town, I stop at the nearest “studio,” or the nearest van, and have sixpennyworth of portraiture done on glass, with the veneer of black varnish behind. If you adopt this custom, you will ere long be in a position to indulge in the most edifying meditations, and may give your looking-glasses a very long holiday. If time hang heavy on your hands, out with the album, or overhaul the pile of sixpenny half-length tinsel frames which you may keep locked in your bedroom drawer. There you are in many moods, and under kaleidoscopic phases and conditions. Ah! there is the new frock-coat in which you went to that little fish dinner at the Trafalgar. You remember:—the day you were detained so long in the City, writing important letters. There is the shooting-jacket in which you took your pedestrian tour in Scotland. There, too, are your knapsack and your Tyrolean wide-awake, and those famous walking-boots that gave you the soft corns. In that white waistcoat, my friend, you were married. It was but five years since; yet you have grown too stout to wear that waistcoat now. What has become of that cameo pin? Ah! you gave it to Jack Flukes who went to Australia and made so much money at the bar there, and never wrote to you. Why, here you are, with Jack Flukes himself leaning over your shoulder! How fond of you the old fellow seems! What a dear old fellow it was! But he never wrote from Melbourne, not even in answer to that missive in which you informed him that you had been sued on that little bill, the proceeds of which paid his passage to the antipodes.

I knew a man—not very long ago either, for the carte de visite fashion is but a recent one—who had evil craft enough to make photography serve the purposes of his hatred and revenge. He had loved a woman who was beautiful, and accomplished, and haughty, and who, after showing him some slight favour, scorned him. In the days of her condescension—brief and fleeting as those days were—she gave him a large photographic portrait of herself, blazing with pride, and youth, and beauty. They quarrelled, and parted, and many hundred miles—thousands at last—yawned between them. Two years passed away, and the man found a woman to love, and not to scorn him, and married, and was happy, and nearly forgot his old love. In a print-shop window one day he saw her

carte de visite. He went in and bought it. The shopkeeper had half a dozen in different dresses and attitudes; for she had turned her accomplishments to account, and had become a kind of celebrity. He bought them all. This was at the height of the London season. At its close she went abroad. At the beginning of the next season she came again, and was not quite so celebrated, but there were more and various cartes de visites of her published. At last he had to ask for the cartes by name, for he grew doubtful in recognising her face. Not four years had passed by, but she had altered strangely. Her beauty was of the evanescent kind. Then the man would arrange his photographs like a suit of playing-cards by the side of the first and beautiful photograph, and, remembering the words that Clarendon spake to Castlemaine, would hug himself with a cruel joy. *The woman was growing old.* “Aha! my lady,” he would chuckle, “how sharp this nose is, how sunken are those cheeks, how deep are the lines under those eyes!” He got a powerful magnifying-glass, and declared that her rich wavy hair was thinning. He only regretted that chromatic photography had not yet been discovered. “If one could only see the real colours of life, in place of these monotonous tints of sepia and ochre,” he muttered—“if one could only see that her lips were pale, and her cheek sallow, and that there was silver in her hair!” But he consoled himself in remarking how thin her hands had grown, and what deep “salt-cellsars” were by her collar-bones. If this man had been a poet, he might have added a stanza to the “Lady Clara Vere de Vere” of Alfred Tennyson.

From whichever point we regard it, this carte de visite movement is full of strange features and stranger helps to insight of mankind. It is a most revolutionary movement. It has done much—a thousand times more than ever democrat or Tlemagogue could do—to demolish the Right Divine to govern wrong. From the cartes de visite, we learn the astounding fact that kings and queens are in dress and features precisely like other people. Marvellous, preternatural, as this may seem, it is true. Wings do not grow upon the shoulders of monarchs. They are compelled to tread like common mortals; and many of them look like very coarse and vulgar mortals, too. They have the same number of arms and legs as us plebeians; nay, more than that, some stoop unwieldily at the shoulders, and others are unmistakably bow-legged. Yes; bow-legged. In the grand old days of Spanish etiquette, “the Queen of Spain had no legs;” but this destructive carte de visite mania has made short work of the fictions of etiquette. The ex-Queen of Naples appears in knickerbockers. The ex-King stands sulkily with his hands in the pockets of a pair of very ill-made peg-tops. The Emperor of Austria, in his scanty white tunic, looks very much like a journeyman baker listening to the second report of Mr. Tremehere; the bluff King of Holland has a strong family likeness to Washington Irving’s

Peter Stuyvesant; the King of Italy is like Tony Lumpkin with a pair of enormous moustaches; Queen Christina closely resembles the widow in Tristram Shandy; and the King of Prussia looks like a drill-sergeant—a similitude, perchance, not very far from the actual truth. As for that incomparable carte of the Emperor Napoleon the Third, in a plain frock and a shiny hat, with his pretty graceful wife on his arm, his moustaches carefully twisted, and a waggish smile on his face—what does *he* look like? The dark and inscrutable politician? the arch-plotter? the gloomy man of December? Not a bit of it. He looks like a confident gentleman who knows a thing or two, who is going down into the City to do a little stroke of business, and will afterwards buy his wife a new bonnet on Ludgate-hill, or a new dress in St. Paul's Churchyard.

It is all over with the right divine. D. G. might as well be effaced from the European currency. Sovereigns may reign in the hearts of their people—and there are some who do so reign, and long may they reign, say I!—but they can no longer hope to perpetuate their sway by throwing the dust of flattering portraits in the eyes of the multitude. Poor old George the Fourth! What would he have thought of a *carte de visite*? How would he have felt at finding himself bracketed as a twin-brother of Mr. Tilbury? You can't disguise your wig in a *carte de visite*. The false parting will come out. Padding is easily detected. The rods of crinoline are defined. The king may sit in his counting-house counting out his money, the queen may be in the kitchen eating bread and honey, but the operator pops in at the window and focuses the twain, and there is no mistake at all about their being very plain.

#### AN OLD MEDIUM.

THE Medium of our own day is no original performer. This sort of self-accredited messenger has often abounded. The manipulation and general hocus-pocus have varied, but scratching through that surface we find the old charlatan Tartar underneath. Long ago, Mediums under other names wrote books of vulgar wonders, as was done only yesterday. Cagliostro had his séances in lodgings in Paris, just as Mediums have theirs in apartments in May-fair. The story of that skilful quack—whom it is disrespectful to measure with modern feeble pretenders—has been told with masterly dramatic effect by MR. CARLYLE. Not nearly so familiar is the history of the German necromancer, Schrepfer, who must be allowed the credit of being the original “raiser” of defunct relations, and the original practitioner of putting them in communication with their nearest of kin, seated on chairs of any pattern round the room.

Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, Baronet, was posting round Europe in his chaise, about thirty years from the end of the last century.

He had made large snatches of the grand tour, had excellent letters of introduction; for Europe was then studded over with little courts and little cabinets, each filled up compactly with kings and electors, grand-dukes and ministers, each the little miniature centre of balls and all manner of diversion.

At Dresden he was also introduced to an uncle of the Elector, a certain Prince Charles, who had been Duke of Courland, but was now out of office; and the ceremony took place in the great gallery of the prince's palace, which some three or four years previously had been the scene of a most extraordinary exhibition. Sir Nathaniel was naturally anxious for some particulars of it; but he remarked a singular reserve on the subject among the ladies and gentlemen of the court. There was a mystery about the business. The Elector, in fact, wished the scandal to die out. At last a courtier who had been present—“a man of sense, courage, and intelligence”—kindly consented to slake the curiosity of the eager stranger. This was the substance of his narrative:

There had been living at Leipzig, a certain coffee-house keeper, named Schrepfer: whose business did not produce him very abundant profits; but another branch of industry, which he was lucky enough to “exploiter,” began to attract the public. He gave out that he had studied magic deeply, and that he was in familiar terms with the great society of Spirits. An old-fashioned programme, with nothing very fresh or striking about it. He affected to divide his spiritual acquaintances into several orders—the friendly, the hostile, and the strictly neutral: thence this *speciality* in his mode of dealing, that he never invited any visits from spirits in general, without first invoking the benevolent spirits, who, by this attention, were propitiated and secured for his protection. Gradually he came to be talked of. As his coffee declined, his spirits came into fashion.

The Prince Charles happened to be in Leipzig, and somehow incurred the resentment of this coffee-house magician, who was heard to use some disrespectful language in reference to the august personage. The prince actually took the trouble of despatching an officer to inflict personal chastisement on him; but, while the punishment was being inflicted, the magician rushed into a corner, and there, flinging himself on his knees, loudly called on his friendly spirits to come to his assistance; at which the officer, utterly scared, forbore his chastisement, and fled. This inspired a further awe of the magician. Not long afterwards, he resigned the direction of his coffee-house, and appeared at Dresden with another name, and the quality of “an officer in the service of France.”

It is curious what a similarity there is in the chameleon colours of these gorgeous Dulcamaras. Courts are always indispensable to them. The *ci-devant* coffee-house keeper in this new character makes an attempt to be presented at court, but is rebuffed. Presently,

however, his real name gets abroad; and finally it travelled to Prince Charles's ears, who was now living at the palace at Dresden, that the coffee-house keeper whom he had chastised by curacy, had actually come to the city. The news was received by the poor prince with prodigious alarm.

Schrepfer was staying at the Hôtel de Pologne, and was one day surprised by the arrival of the repentant prince; who came, in person, to entreat his forgiveness. In presence of several persons he submitted to the degradation of asking his pardon. The magician was gracious enough to overlook the past, after so handsome an apology. Then the prince is said to have humbly begged to see some specimen of his skill. And on the spot he exhibited some curious phenomena, which had only the effect of stimulating the prince's appetite. He was anxious for some splendid and confounding exertion. The magician was willing to gratify the prince, but stipulated, naturally enough, for a reasonable time to prepare himself, and possibly to get ready his elaborate and complicated apparatus. The prince, much according to the modern ritual, was requested to name the spirit he desired to raise; and, after some thought, he selected the well-known Chevalier de Saxe, his own uncle, deceased not very long, and who had bequeathed to him all his property. He had had no children, and was suspected of having been enormously rich. There were rumours that large sums were secreted somewhere in the palace; and that the grateful nephew, already inheritor of all his uncle's accessible wealth, had other motives than the yearnings of affection for wishing to raise the ghost of his relative.

The necromancer professed the greatest repugnance and disinclination to the whole operation. He was coy, and maintained a sort of coquetry which is often part of the armoury of modern professors. He said it was a painful and distasteful business, fraught with general incidents of horror. Much persuasion was necessary, but he finally agreed to fix a night when the Chevalier de Saxe should be called up from the grave.

The strictest secrecy was insisted on; for it was known that the reigning Elector was strongly averse to such experiments; and, moreover, would not relish the scandal and public remark which would most likely ensue. The grand gallery was selected as the locus in quo, and only a small party of nineteen were let into the secret. The travelling baronet knew several of them intimately, and describes them as persons of "consideration, character, and respectability."

They all met at an appointed hour of the night; the prince, his friends, and the performer. All the doors and windows were carefully tried, and as carefully secured; and all being satisfied that no person or thing could see his entrance or exit, Schrepfer stood out in the middle and began to speak. He made a solemn introductory harangue, informed them that the spectacle

they were about to witness would require all their firmness; and concluded by advising such as felt timorous or faint-hearted to withdraw while there was yet opportunity. No, not exactly that; to adopt the more suspicious alternative of deriving strength and comfort from a "bowl of punch" which was then disclosed to view.\* This preparation for witnessing a feat which would require all the critical powers in their nicest balance undisturbed by any foreign cloudy influence, was, strange to say, acceded to by nearly all the party; the temptation, we presume, proving too seductive for the German organisation then present. The gentleman who afterwards related the adventure, alone refused to have his judgment contaminated by the mixture, and declared boldly that "he would either see all or see nothing." Another gentleman, who, says Sir Nathaniel, ambiguously, "preserved his presence of mind," placed himself at the door to see that there was no unfair play. It is not mentioned whether this gentleman had passed through the spirituous probation. All things being ready, the feelings of the company were wrought up by expectation (and punch) to the very highest pitch.

The ceremonies commenced by the magician's retiring into a corner and kneeling down to pray. His invocations were understood to be addressed to the spirits generally. During the process he was seen to labour under very great agitation, and to work violently with jerks and cataleptic gestures. Much impressed, the company waited patiently, and at length were rewarded by hearing all the windows clattering violently. Then came a sound, which the witness unaffected by punch, described to be like "a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of wine-glasses." Wet fingers drawn over the edge of wine-glasses are quite as legitimate spiritual manifestations as cracks and other sounds proceeding from the table on which those glasses may be standing. But, on this occasion, this remarkable music was said to announce the arrival of the good or protecting spirits. This was so far satisfactory. After another cataleptic display on the part of the Medium, the gentleman unaffected by punch was startled by sounds of quite a different description, "a yelling of a frightful and unusual nature," and which was interpreted as proceeding from a company of "malignant spirits," newly arrived.

The show having proceeded thus far, although no very wonderful feat had yet been performed, we learn that the company were "electrified with amazement or petrified with horror"—a result so disproportioned to the disposing cause, that we are strongly disposed to suspect something in the punch.

The invocations went on with redoubled

\* Much as a modern Medium, on a certain occasion within our knowledge, very strongly importuned all his company to smell a certain rose he had brought with him.

vigour; affairs approached a crisis. The gentleman on guard at the door, and whose relations to the punch are indistinct, as also the gentleman who was wholly unaffected by that beverage, narrowly watched for what was to follow. The other gentlemen, having become "electrified with amazement or petrified with horror," could not offer reliable testimony.

Suddenly the door was burst open. Whether the gentleman unaffected by punch was leaning against it, or was behind it, or was near it, are particulars left in uncertainty. But, if there were amazed electricity and petrified horror before, how must these curious sensations have been intensified when something that resembled a huge black ball came bounding or tossing along the floor into the room! Those whose faculties were sufficiently collected to observe it closely, described it as a sort of cloud of smoke rolling along, in the centre of which could be made out the alarming appearance of a human face, resembling that of the defunct Chevalier de Saxe. The situation was fearful, and the combination of horror, electricity, petrification, confusion, and hocused punch, was enough to strike terror into the boldest heart. As the spectators were standing aghast and watching the smoke's manœuvres, a voice was heard to issue from it, and exclaim, "Charles, what wouldst thou with me? Why dost thou disturb me?"

The narrator of the scene is surprised that no one had courage to draw near the globe or ball; and, by handling, satisfy himself of its claims to spirituality. But, in respect of people electrified with amazement, petrified with horror, and also drugged, this does seem rather an unreasonable expectation. The prince was the most seriously affected of all. He flung himself on his knees, in a paroxysm of abject terror, and called on Heaven to forgive his profanity: while the rest of the party, gathering round the magician, distractedly conjured him to exert one more stretch of his wonderful power, and dismiss the horrible spherical intruder. The cunning operator pretended that this was an office of yet greater labour and difficulty, and went through herculean spasms in his efforts. Nearly an hour was consumed in this struggle. Finally, by an enormous series of spasms, it was at last prevailed on to retire. The spectators, much relieved, were congratulating themselves on its disappearance, when the door once more burst open, and the odious sphere came bounding in again, all smoke and light, with the illuminated Saxe face in the centre. After another series of persuasions, it was at last finally got rid of, and those who assisted at the curious performance departed in as much peace as they could recover.

This scene is worthy of all serious reflection, but is scarcely so remarkable as some feats which have distinguished modern scances. It is perhaps a more unusual circumstance to see a human figure floating in air, than to see a fiery ball bursting into a room. The solution of the travelling baronet—with whom it is to the last a mystery why no one "endeavoured to lay

hands on the spectre"—is: "We must be content to resolve it into German credulity or superstition, and congratulate ourselves on our superiority to such puerile terrors."

The affair itself soon got abroad through the city, and was promptly conveyed to the Elector's ears as a choice morsel of royal gossip. He took it up with much displeasure, as it cast a sort of haunted-house flavour around the palace, and peremptorily forbade the repetition of such follies.

His successful stroke of his art, by a cruel perversion of ends, became the poor magician's ruin; for, from a too great celebrity, he had to retire back to his own native Leipzig, where it is said he founded a regular school of magic, took pupils, and instructed them in his mysteries. In that city he performed many more extraordinary feats, much of the same description, and was held in high repute. Yet, strange to relate, this happy career terminated not quite gloriously.

He had three promising scholars, whose appetite, whetted by what they had learnt, was eager for more recondite mysteries. These their master promised to show. A day was selected for the purpose; and, between three and four in the morning, they attended him out to a lonely wood called Roxendaal, some way beyond the gates. At this appropriate spot, they were to learn all that they were to learn. He then retired into a secret part of the grove to perform his private incantations, desiring them to wait for him. In a few moments they were startled by the report of a pistol, and, running to the spot, found the wretched conjuror stretched out in the agonies of death. It was said that he had had struggles with evil spirits, and that his life was made miserable by their persecution. Possibly he was more or less insane, and that, being brought to the last verge of exposure, he avoided it by his last resource. This was the end of the miserable burlesque.

#### HYLAS.

[Hylas, one of the companions of Jason in the Argonautic expedition, was carried away by the nymphs as he was drawing water.]

HYLAS, Hylas comes,  
Down the vine-clad mountain,  
Water pure to bring,  
From the distant fountain.  
Hylas, Hylas leaps,  
O'er the mossy boulder,\*  
With smiling, boyish face,  
His vase upon his shoulder.

Hylas, Hylas stays,  
To linger in the valleys,  
Then to hear the birds,  
Near the wood he dallies.  
"Hylas, Hylas," call  
The echoes from the mountain,  
As he trips and sings,  
Hastening to the fountain.

Hylas, Hylas runs,  
Happy as the swallow



(Heedless that the hawks  
Fast behind it follow),  
Where among the hyacinths  
Butterflies are skimming,  
Where among the floating flowers,  
The clear stream is brimming.

Hylas, Hylas runs,  
Down between the laurels,  
Where, beside her nest,  
Philomela carols:  
Where the shadow dark,  
Still doth creeping linger,  
Pointing at the stream  
With a boding finger.

"Hylas, Hylas," moaned  
The fir-trees o'er the river,  
Bodingly the wind  
Made the ilex shiver.  
Boding screams the bird,  
From its craggy eyrie,  
As the sun uprose,  
From the clouds all fiery.

"Hylas, Hylas comes,"  
Sing the nymphs together,  
As they hear the sound  
Of his sandal leather.

"Hylas, Hylas comes,  
Fairest child of mortal;  
Warn him not, Old Earth,  
Or thou, Sun immortal!

"Do not warn him, thrushes,  
Do not warn him, snakes,  
Green and gold and glistening,  
In the myrtle brakes.  
Thou, tortoise, do not click  
Thy shell against yon boulder,  
Lest he turn and toss  
The urn from off his shoulder."

Hylas, Hylas comes,  
Stooping to the river,  
Where the laurel-tree  
Just then seems to shiver.  
Then the white arms countless  
Rise from out the water,  
Seizing him with shouts  
Of sweet but mocking laughter.

Swiftly down the stream,  
With the current gliding,  
Bear the nymphs their prize,  
With a sweet deriding.  
Hylas, Hylas calls,  
To the echoing mountain,  
All in vain to earth,  
To cloud, and sea, and fountain.

Hylas, Hylas, nymphs  
With their white arms pinion,  
Bearing him along,  
To their own dominion;  
Crowning him with flowers,  
Soothing him with kisses,  
Singing to him songs  
Of immortal blisses.

So the siren pleasures  
Bear away for ever  
Victims deep enchanted,  
Wretches waking never.

So on Time's dark current,  
We, too, swift are gliding,  
While upon our raft,  
King Death sits deriding.

#### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

"WITHIN so many yards of this Covent Garden lodging of mine, as within so many yards of Westminster Abbey, Saint Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, the Prisons, the Courts of Justice, all the Institutions that govern the land, I can find—*must* find, whether I will or no—in the open streets, shameful instances of neglect of children, intolerable toleration of the engenderment of paupers, idlers, thieves, races of wretched and destructive cripples both in body and mind, a misery to themselves, a misery to the community, a disgrace to civilisation, and an outrage on Christianity. I know it to be a fact as easy of demonstration as any sum in any of the elementary rules of arithmetic, that if the State would begin its work and duty at the beginning, and would with the strong hand take those children out of the streets, while they are yet children, and wisely train them, it would make them a part of England's glory, not its shame—of England's strength, not its weakness—would raise good soldiers and sailors, and good citizens, and many great men, out of the seeds of its criminal population. Yet I go on bearing with the enormity as if it were nothing, and I go on reading the Parliamentary Debates as if they were something, and I concern myself far more about one railway-bridge across a public thoroughfare, than about a dozen generations of scrofula, ignorance, wickedness, prostitution, poverty, and felony. I can slip out at my door, in the small hours after any midnight, and, in one circuit of the purlieus of Covent Garden Market, can behold a state of infaney and youth, as vile as if a Bourbon sat upon the English throne; a great police force looking on with authority to do no more than worry and hunt the dreadful vermin into corners, and there leave them. Within the length of a few streets I can find a workhouse, mismanaged with that dull short-sighted obstinacy that its greatest opportunities as to the children it receives are lost, and yet not a farthing saved to any one. But the wheel goes round, and round, and round; and because it goes round—so I am told by the politest authorities—it goes well."

Thus I reflected, one day in the Whitsun week last past, as I floated down the Thames among the bridges, looking—not inappropriately—at the drags that were hanging up at certain dirty stairs to hook the drowned out, and at the numerous conveniences provided to facilitate their tumbling in. My object in that uncommercial journey called up another train of thought, and it ran as follows:

"When I was at school, one of seventy boys, I wonder by what secret understanding our attention began to wander when we had pored

over our books for some hours. I wonder by what ingenuity we brought on that confused state of mind when sense became nonsense, when figures wouldn't work, when dead languages wouldn't construe, when live languages wouldn't be spoken, when memory wouldn't come, when dulness and vacancy wouldn't go. I cannot remember that we ever conspired to be sleepy after dinner, or that we ever particularly wanted to be stupid, and to have flushed faces and hot beating heads, or to find blank hopelessness and obscurity this afternoon in what would become perfectly clear and bright in the freshness of tomorrow morning. We suffered for these things, and they made us miserable enough. Neither do I remember that we ever bound ourselves by any secret oath or other solemn obligation, to find the seats getting too hard to be sat upon after a certain time; or to have intolerable twitches in our legs, rendering us aggressive and malicious with those members; or to be troubled with a similar uneasiness in our elbows, attended with fistic consequences to our neighbours; or to carry two pounds of lead in the chest, four pounds in the head, and several active blue-bottles in each ear. Yet, for certain, we suffered under those distresses, and were always charged at for labouring under them, as if we had brought them on, of our own deliberate act and deed. As to the mental portion of them being my own fault in my own case—I should like to ask any well-trained and experienced teacher, not to say psychologist. And as to the physical portion—I should like to ask PROFESSOR OWEN."

It happened that I had a small bundle of papers with me, on what is called "The Half-Time System" in schools. Referring to one of those papers I found that the indefatigable MR. CHADWICK had been beforehand with me, and had already asked Professor Owen: who had handsomely replied that I was not to blame, but that, being troubled with a skeleton, and having been constituted according to certain natural laws, I and my skeleton were unfortunately bound by those laws—even in school—and had comported ourselves accordingly. Much comforted by the good Professor's being on my side, I read on to discover whether the indefatigable Mr. Chadwick had taken up the mental part of my afflictions. I found that he had, and that he had gained on my behalf, SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, SIR DAVID WILKIE, SIR WALTER SCOTT, and the common sense of mankind. For which I beg Mr. Chadwick, if this should meet his eye, to accept my warm acknowledgments.

Up to that time I had retained a misgiving that the seventy unfortunates of whom I was one, must have been, without knowing it, leagued together by the spirit of evil in a sort of perpetual Guy Fawkes Plot, to grope about in vaults with dark lanterns after a certain period of continuous study. But now the misgiving vanished, and I floated on with a quieted mind to see the Half-Time System in action. For that was the purpose of my journey, both by steam-boat on the Thames, and by very dirty railway on the shore. To which last institution, I beg

to recommend the legal use of coke as engine-fuel, rather than the illegal use of coal; the recommendation is quite disinterested, for I was most liberally supplied with small coal on the journey, for which no charge was made. I had not only my eyes, nose, and ears filled, but my hat, and all my pockets, and my pocket-book, and my watch.

The V.D.S.C.R.C. (or Very Dirty and Small Coal Railway Company) delivered me close to my destination, and I soon found the Half-Time System established in spacious premises, and freely placed at my convenience and disposal.

What would I see first, of the Half-Time System? I chose Military Drill. "Attention!" Instantly, a hundred boys stood forth in the paved yard as one boy; bright, quick, eager, steady, watchful for the look of command, instant and ready for the word. Not only was there complete precision—complete accord to the eye and to the ear—but an alertness in the doing of the thing which deprived it, curiously, of its monotonous or mechanical character. There was perfect uniformity, and yet an individual spirit and emulation. No spectator could doubt that the boys liked it. With non-commissioned officers varying from a yard to a yard and a half high, the result could not possibly have been attained otherwise. They marched, and counter-marched, and formed in line and square, and company, and single file and double file, and performed a variety of evolutions; all most admirably. In respect of an air of enjoyable understanding of what they were about, which seems to be forbidden to English soldiers, the boys might have been small French troops. When they were dismissed, and the broadsword exercise, limited to a much smaller number, succeeded, the boys who had no part in that new drill, either looked on attentively, or disported themselves in a gymnasium hard by. The steadiness of the broadsword boys on their short legs, and the firmness with which they sustained the different positions, was truly remarkable.

The broadsword exercise over, suddenly there was great excitement and a rush. Naval Drill!

In a corner of the ground stood a decked mimic ship, with real masts, yards, and sails—mainmast seventy feet high. At the word of command from the Skipper of this ship—a mahogany-faced Old Salt, with the indispensable quid in his cheek, the true nautical roll, and all wonderfully complete—the rigging was covered with a swarm of boys: one, the first to spring into the shrouds, outstripping all the others, and resting on the truck of the main-topmast in no time.

And now we stood out to sea, in a most amazing manner; the Skipper himself, the whole crew, the Uncommercial, and all hands present, implicitly believing that there was not a moment to lose, that the wind had that instant chopped round and sprung up fair, and that we were away on a voyage round the world. Get all sail upon her! With a will my lads! Lay out

upon the main-yard there! Look alive at the weather ear-ring! Cheery, my boys! Let go the sheet now! Stand by at the braces, you! With a will, aloft there! Belay, starboard watch! Fifer! Come aft, fifer, and give 'em a tune! Forthwith, springs up fifer, fife in hand—smallest boy ever seen—big lump on temple, having lately fallen down on a paving-stone—gives 'em a tune with all his might and main. Hooroar, fifer! With a will, my lads! Tip 'em a livelier one, fifer! Fifer tips 'em a livelier one, and excitement increases. Shake 'em out, my lads! Well done! There you have her! Pretty, pretty! Every rag upon her she can carry, wind right astarn, and ship cutting through the water fifteen knot an hour!

At this favourable moment of our voyage, I gave the alarm "A man overboard!" (on the gravel), but he was immediately recovered, none the worse. Presently, I observed the Skipper overboard, but forbore to mention it, as he seemed in no wise disconcerted by the accident. Indeed, I soon came to regard the Skipper as an amphibious creature, for he was so perpetually plunging overboard to look up at the hands aloft, that he was oftener in the bosom of the ocean than on deck. His pride in his crew on those occasions was delightful, and the conventional unintelligibility of his orders in the ears of uncommercial land-lubbers and loblolly boys, though they were always intelligible to the crew, was hardly less pleasant. But we couldn't expect to go on in this way for ever; dirty weather came on, and then worse weather, and when we least expected it we got into tremendous difficulties. Screw loose in the chart perhaps—something certainly wrong somewhere—but here we were with breakers ahead, my lads, driving head on, slap on a lee shore! The Skipper broached this terrific announcement in such great agitation, that the small fifer, not fifeing now, but standing looking on near the wheel with his fife under his arm, seemed for the moment quite unboyed, though he speedily recovered his presence of mind. In the trying circumstances that ensued, the Skipper and the crew proved worthy of one another. The Skipper got dreadfully hoarse, but otherwise was master of the situation. The man at the wheel did wonders; all hands (except the fifer) were turned up to wear ship; and I observed the fifer, when we were at our greatest extremity, to refer to some document in his waistcoat-pocket, which I conceived to be his will. I think she struck. I was not myself conscious of any collision, but I saw the Skipper so very often washed overboard and back again, that I could only impute it to the beating of the ship. I am not enough of a seaman to describe the manoeuvres by which we were saved, but they made the Skipper very hot (French polishing his mahogany face) and the crew very nimble, and succeeded to a marvel; for, within a few minutes of the first alarm, we had wore ship and got her off, and were all a-tauto—which I felt very grateful for: not that I knew what it was, but that I perceived that we had not been all a-tauto

lately. Land now appeared on our weather-bow, and we shaped our course for it, having the wind abeam, and frequently changing the man at the helm, in order that every man might have his spell. We worked into harbour under prosperous circumstances, and furled our sails, and squared our yards, and made all ship-shape and handsome, and so our voyage ended. When I complimented the Skipper at parting on his exertions and those of his gallant crew, he informed me that the latter were provided for the worst, all hands being taught to swim and dive; and he added that the able seaman at the main-topmast truck especially, could dive as deep as he could go high.

The next adventure that befel me in my visit to the Short-Timers, was the sudden apparition of a military band. I had been inspecting the hammocks of the crew of the good ship, when I saw with astonishment that several musical instruments, brazen and of great size, appeared to have suddenly developed two legs each, and to be trotting about a yard. And my astonishment was heightened when I observed a large drum, that had previously been leaning helpless against a wall, taking up a stout position on four legs. Approaching this drum and looking over it, I found two boys behind it (it was too much for one), and then I found that each of the brazen instruments had brought out a boy, and was going to discourse sweet sounds. The boys—not omitting the fifer, now playing a new instrument—were dressed in neat uniform, and stood up in a circle at their music-stands, like any other Military Band. They played a march or two, and then we had Cheer boys, Cheer, and then we had Yankee Doodle, and we finished, as in loyal duty bound, with God Save the Queen. The band's proficiency was perfectly wonderful, and it was not at all wonderful that the whole body corporate of Short-Timers listened with faces of the liveliest interest and pleasure.

What happened next among the Short-Timers? As if the band had blown me into a great class-room out of their brazen tubes, in a great class-room I found myself now, with the whole choral force of Short-Timers singing the praises of a summer's day to the harmonium, and my small but highly-respected friend the fifer blazing away vocally, as if he had been saving up his wind for the last twelvemonth; also the whole crew of the good ship Nameless swarming up and down the scale as if they had never swarmed up and down the rigging. This done, we threw our whole power into God bless the Prince of Wales, and blessed his Royal Highness to such an extent that, for my own Uncommercial part, I gasped again when it was over. The moment this was done, we formed, with surpassing freshness, into hollow squares, and fell to work at oral lessons, as if we never did, and had never thought of doing, anything else.

Let a veil be drawn over the self-committals into which the Uncommercial Traveller would have been betrayed but for a discreet reticence,

coupled with an air of absolute wisdom on the part of that artful personage. Take the square of five, multiply it by fifteen, divide it by three, deduct eight from it, add four dozen to it, give me the result in pence, and tell me how many eggs I could get for it at three farthings apiece. The problem is hardly stated, when a dozen small boys pour out answers. Some wide, some very nearly right, some worked as far as they go with such accuracy, as at once to show what link of the chain has been dropped in the hurry. For the moment, none are quite right; but behold a labouring spirit beating the buttons on its corporeal waistcoat, in a process of internal calculation, and knitting an accidental bump on its corporeal forehead in a concentration of mental arithmetic! It is my honourable friend (if he will allow me to call him so) the fifer. With right arm eagerly extended in token of being inspired with an answer, and with right leg foremost, the fifer solves the mystery: then recalls both arm and leg, and with bump in ambush awaits the next poser. Take the square of three, multiply it by seven, divide it by four, add fifty to it, take thirteen from it, multiply it by two, double it, give me the result in pence, and say how many halfpence. Wise as the serpent is the four feet of performer on the nearest approach to that instrument, whose right arm instantly appears, and quenches this arithmetical fire. Tell me something about Great Britain, tell me something about its principal productions, tell me something about its ports, tell me something about its seas and rivers, tell me something about coal, iron, cotton, timber, tin, and turpentine. The hollow square bristles with extended right arms; but ever faithful to fact is the fifer, ever wise as the serpent is the performer on that instrument, ever prominently buoyant and brilliant are all members of the band. I observe the player of the cymbals to dash at a sounding answer now and then rather than not cut in at all; but I take that to be in the way of his instrument. All these questions, and many such, are put on the spur of the moment, and by one who has never examined these boys. The Uncommercial, invited to add another, falteringly demands how many birthdays a man born on the twenty-ninth of February will have had on completing his fiftieth year? A general perception of trap and pitfall instantly arises, and the fifer is seen to retire behind the corduroys of his next neighbours, as perceiving special necessity for collecting himself and communing with his mind. Meanwhile, the wisdom of the serpent suggests that the man will have had only one birthday in all that time, for how can any man have more than one, seeing that he is born once and dies once? The blushing Uncommercial stands corrected, and amends the formula. Pondering ensues, two or three wrong answers are offered, and Cymbals strikes up "Six!" but doesn't know why. Then modestly emerging from his Academic Grove of corduroys appears the fifer, right arm extended, right leg foremost, bump irradiated. "Twelve, and two over!"

The feminine Short-Timers passed a similar examination, and very creditably too. Would have done better perhaps, with a little more geniality on the part of their pupil-teacher; for a cold eye, my young friend, and a hard abrupt manner, are not by any means the powerful engines that your innocence supposes them to be. Both girls and boys wrote excellently, from copy and dictation; both could cook; both could mend their own clothes; both could clean up everything about them in an orderly and skilful way, the girls having womanly household knowledge superadded. Order and method began in the songs of the Infant School which I visited likewise, and they were even in their dwarf degree to be found in the Nursery, where the Uncommercial walking-stick was carried off with acclamations, and where "the Doctor"—a medical gentleman of two, who took his degree on the night when he was found at an apothecary's door—did the honours of the establishment with great urbanity and gaiety.

These have long been excellent schools; long before the days of the Short-Time. I first saw them, twelve or fifteen years ago. But since the introduction of the Short-Time system it has been proved here that eighteen hours a week of book-learning are more profitable than thirty-six, and that the pupils are far quicker and brighter than of yore. The good influences of music on the whole body of children have likewise been surprisingly proved. Obviously another of the immense advantages of the Short-Time System to the cause of good education is the great diminution of its cost, and of the period of time over which it extends. The last is a most important consideration, as poor parents are always impatient to profit by their children's labour.

It will be objected: Firstly, that this is all very well, but special local advantages and special selection of children must be necessary to such success. Secondly, that this is all very well, but must be very expensive. Thirdly, that this is all very well, but we have no proof of the results, sir, no proof.

On the first head of local advantages and special selection. Would Limehouse Hole be picked out for the site of a Children's Paradise? Or would the legitimate and illegitimate pauper children of the long-shore population of such a river-side district, be regarded as unusually favourable specimens to work with? Yet these schools are at Limehouse, and are the Pauper Schools of the Stepney Pauper Union.

On the second head of expense. Would sixpence a week be considered a very large cost for the education of each pupil, including all salaries of teachers and rations of teachers? But supposing the cost were not sixpence a week, not fivepence? It is FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY.

On the third head of no proof, sir, no proof. Is there any proof in the facts that Pupil Teachers more in number, and more highly qualified, have been produced here under the Short-Time system than under the Long-Time system? That the Short-Timers, in a writing competition, beat the Long-Timers of a first-class National School?



That the sailor-boys are in such demand for merchant ships, that whereas, before they were trained, 10*l.* premium used to be given with each boy—too often to some greedy brute of a drunken skipper, who disappeared before the term of apprenticeship was out, if the ill-used boy didn't—captains of the best character now take these boys more than willingly, with no premium at all? That they are also much esteemed in the Royal Navy, which they prefer, "because everything is so neat and clean and orderly"? Or, is there any proof in Naval captains writing, "Your little fellows are all that I can desire"? Or, is there any proof in such testimony as this: "The owner of a vessel called at the school, and said that as his ship was going down Channel on her last voyage, with one of the boys from the school on board, the pilot said, 'It would be as well if the royal were lowered; I wish it were down.' Without waiting for any orders, and unobserved by the pilot, the lad, whom they had taken on board from the school, instantly mounted the mast and lowered the royal, and at the next glance of the pilot to the masthead, he perceived that the sail had been let down. He exclaimed, 'Who's done that job?' The owner, who was on board, said, 'That was the little fellow whom I put on board two days ago.' The pilot immediately said, 'Why, where could he have been brought up?' That boy had never seen the sea or been on a real ship before"? Or, is there any proof in these boys being in greater demand for Regimental Bands than the Union can meet? Or, in ninety-eight of them having gone into Regimental Bands in three years? Or, in twelve of them being in the band of one regiment? Or, in the colonel of that regiment writing, "We want six more boys; they are excellent lads"? Or, in one of the boys having risen to be band-corporal in the same regiment? Or, in employers of all kinds churusing, "Give us drilled boys, for they are prompt, obedient, and punctual"? Other proofs I have myself beheld with these Uncommercial eyes, though I do not regard myself as having a right to relate in what social positions they have seen respected men and women who were once pauper children of the Stepney Union.

Into what admirable soldiers others of these boys have the capabilities for being turned, I need not point out. Many of them are always ambitious of military service; and once upon a time when an old boy came back to see the old place, a cavalry soldier all complete, *with his spurs on*, such a yearning broke out to get into cavalry regiments and wear those sublime appendages, that it was one of the greatest excitements ever known in the school. The girls make excellent domestic servants, and at certain periods come back, a score or two at a time, to see the old building, and to take tea with the old teachers, and to hear the old band, and see the old ship with her masts towering up above the neighbouring roofs and chimneys. As to the physical health of these schools, it is so exceptionally remarkable (simply because the sani-

tary regulations are as good as the other educational arrangements), that when Mr. TUFNELL, the Inspector, first stated it in a report, he was supposed, in spite of his high character, to have been betrayed into some extraordinary mistake or exaggeration. In the moral health of these schools—where corporal punishment is unknown—Truthfulness stands high. When the ship was first erected, the boys were forbidden to go aloft, until the nets, which are now always there, were stretched as a precaution against accidents. Certain boys, in their eagerness, disobeyed the injunction, got out of window in the early daylight, and climbed to the masthead. One boy unfortunately fell, and was killed. There was no clue to the others; but, all the boys were assembled, and the chairman of the Board addressed them. "I promise nothing; you see what a dreadful thing has happened; you know what a grave offence it is that has led to such a consequence; I cannot say what will be done with the offenders; but, boys, you have been trained here, above all things, to respect the truth. I want the Truth. Who are the delinquents?" Instantly, the whole number of boys concerned, separated from the rest and stood out.

Now, the head and heart of that gentleman (it is needless to say, a good head and a good heart) have been deeply interested in these schools for many years, and are so still; and the establishment is very fortunate in a most admirable master, and moreover the schools of the Stepney Union cannot have got to be what they are, without the Stepney Board of Guardians having been earnest and humane men, strongly imbued with a sense of their responsibility. But what one set of men can do in this wise, another set of men can do; and this is a noble example to all other Bodies and Unions, and a noble example to the State. Followed, and enlarged upon by its enforcement on bad parents, it would clear London streets of the most terrible objects they smite the sight with—myriads of little children who awfully reverse Our Saviour's words, and are not of the Kingdom of Heaven, but of the Kingdom of Hell.

Clear the public streets of such shame, and the public conscience of such reproach? Ah! Almost prophetic, surely, the child's jingle:

When will that be,  
Say the bells of Step-ney!

#### THE COMMENTARIES OF ABD-EL-KADER.

A FRENCH soldier—General Daumas—who has spent sixteen years in Algeria, and for two years was a consul accredited to Abd-el-Kader, has written a book, gathered from Arab authorities, upon that sweet subject of feminine song, "the Arab steed;" and, to the successive chapters of the French general's book, comments are added by the Emir Abd-el-Kader. It is the Arab Steed, set as a duet for two male voices. The curiously-amusing book is now translated into English by Mr. James Hutton. Let us

give our ear to Abd-el-Kader's part in the performance.

Learned Mussulmans, he observes, have written many volumes upon horses; they are not the wisest who write most. Abou Obeida lived in the days of the son of Haroun-al-Raschid; he wrote much of horses, and he praised horseflesh one day with a poet in the presence of the Vizier of Mamoun. The vizier asked the poet, "How many books have you written on the horse?" and he answered, "Only one." "And you?" the vizier asked of Abou Obeida; and he answered, "Fifty." "Rise, then," said the vizier, "go up to that horse, and repeat the name of every part of his frame, taking care to lay your finger upon each." "I am not a veterinary surgeon," replied Abou Obeida. "And you?" said the vizier to the poet. Upon that—says the poet himself, who tells the story—I rose from my seat, and, taking the animal by the forelock, I named one part after the other, placing my hand upon each to show its position, and, at the same time, reciting all the poetic allusions, all the sayings and proverbs of the Arabs referring to it. When I had finished, the vizier said to me, "Take the horse." I took it, and, if ever I wished to annoy Abou Obeida, I rode on it to visit him.

General Daumas having applied to the Emir for information as to the origin of the Arab horse, Abd-el-Kader told him, in his letter of reply, that he was like unto a fissure in a land dried up by the sun which no amount of rain will satisfy; nevertheless, that to quench, if possible, his thirst for knowledge, he would go back to the head of the fountain, for the stream is there always the freshest and most pure. "Know, then," he went on, "that when Allah willed to create the horse, he said to the south wind, 'I will that a creature should proceed from thee—condense thyself!' And the wind condensed itself. Then came the angel Gabriel, and he took a handful of this matter and presented it to Allah, who formed of it a dark bay horse, saying: 'I have called thee horse, I have created thee Arab, and I have bestowed upon thee the colour dark bay. I have attached good fortune to the hair that falls between thy eyes. Thou shalt be the lord of all other animals.' He signed him with the star on his forehead—sign of glory and good fortune. Adam being allowed to choose, wisely preferred him to that wonderful mule Borak, on which Mahomet journeyed through the heavens, and was told that he had done well to choose his glory and the eternal glory of his children." The horse, says Abd-el-Kader, is in more sympathy with the warrior who rides him than the weaker mare. "Let a horse and a mare receive exactly the same sort of wound, and one that is sure to be fatal, the horse will bear up against it until he has carried his master far from the field of battle; the mare will sink on the spot, without any force of resistance." The first man after Adam who mounted a horse was, teaches the Emir, Ishmael. Allah taught him to call the horses, and when he did so they all came

galloping up to him. He chose the best, and broke them in. But afterwards the breed degenerated, and the only faultless stock was that possessed by Solomon, called Zad-el-Rakeb, to which every real Arab steed must trace its pedigree. Some Arabs of the Azed tribe went up to congratulate Solomon upon his marriage with the Queen of Sheba. When they were about to leave Jerusalem the Noble, they had neither money nor provisions, so they said to Solomon, "Thou art a great king; bestow upon us wherewithal to take us home." Solomon gave him one of his pure breed of horses, and said, "There is food. When you are hungry set your best rider with a lance upon this horse; gather fuel, light a fire, and by the time the fire burns he will bring you meat." And so he did. Abd-el-Kader declares from his own observation that the Arab horse varies in colour with the soil on which he lives. Where the ground is stony he is usually grey, and where the ground is chalky he is usually white. According to the Koran, the horse prays three times a day. In the morning he says, "O Allah, make me beloved of my master." At noon, "Do well by my master, that he may do well by me." In the evening, "Grant that he may enter Paradise upon my back."

Is the Barbary horse, or Barb of Algeria, inferior to the true African? the general asked of the Emir. No, it is not, says Abd-el-Kader, and he quotes from the poetical works of the famous Aâmrou-el-Kais, who was a king of Arabia not long before the coming of the prophet, suggestive of a race where "we shall be borne, I tell thee, on a horse accustomed to night journeys, a steed of the Barbary race, with slender flanks like a wolf of Gada. When, slackening the bridle, the rider urges him on still faster by striking him with the reins on either side, he quickens his rapid course, bending his head to the flanks, and clamping the bit. And when I say, 'Let us rest,' the horseman stops as by enchantment, and begins to sing, remaining in the saddle on this vigorous horse, the muscles of whose thighs are long drawn out, and whose tendons are lean and well apart."

Mahomet desiring a race of good horsemen for the soldiers of faith, taught that all good things are suspended for the Mussulman from the hairs between the horse's eyes. A poor man, having faith in this, buried a horse's head under the threshold of his hut. One day the sultan came that way, and had halted, but when he was about to remount, his fierce Arabian broke loose, and rushed towards the poor man's hut, where he stood still at the threshold, and suffered the master of the hut to lead him back by the mane. "How," said the sultan, "have you tamed so suddenly this fierce Arabian?" The poor man told how he had acted on his faith, and had his good things from the sultan in the present of a horse, fine raiment, and riches. This legend, says General Daumas, is popular in the Sahara. The best horses, says Abd-el-Kader, are chiefly to be found in the Sahara, where the

number of bad horses is very small. Nobody in the Sahara cares to possess ten camels until he has a horse wherewith to defend them.

The servant of the Prophet went one day to Eblis, the Black Demon, and said to him, "Eblis, what is it that can reduce your body to a liquid state, and cut your back in two?" "It is the neighing of a horse," he answered. "I could never get into a house where there was horse kept for the service of Allah."

Now we have Abd-el-Kader in the character of that poet who named the points of a good horse, while he recited praises of them from the poets. "A thorough-bred horse," he says, "has three things long, three things short, three things broad, and three things clean. The three things long, are the ears, the neck, and the fore-legs. The three things short, are the dock, the hind-legs, and the back. The three things broad, are the forehead, the chest, and the croup. The three things clean, are the skin, the eyes, and the hoof. He ought to have the withers high, and the flanks hollow and without any superfluous flesh. 'Dost thou accomplish a journey at great speed with steeds high in the withers and fine in the flanks.' The tail should be well furnished at the root, so that it may cover the space between the thighs. 'The tail is like unto the veil of a bride.' The nostrils wide. 'Each of his nostrils resembles the den of a lion; the wind rushes out of it when he is panting.' The hoof round and hard. 'The hoof should resemble the cup of a slave. They walk on hoofs hard as the moss-covered stones of a stagnant pool.' 'When my courser rushes towards a goal, he makes a noise like to that of wings in motion, and his neigh resembles the mournful note of the nightingale.' 'In the elegance of his form he resembles a picture painted in a palace. He is majestic as the palace itself.' So sing the Arab poets of the Arab steeds. It is a test of a well-formed horse that, standing upright on all fours, he can put out his neck and drink from a stream flowing level with the ground without bending his knees.

Immediately after an Arab foal is born, it is made to swallow two or three eggs, and has its hoofs rubbed with salt and a desert herb to harden them. Seven days afterwards the mother is made to swallow a pound or a pound and a half of rancid butter, not salted. The foal is not allowed to suck for more than six months, then it has camel's, cow's, or ewe's milk, which are supposed to soften the coat, and it also lives in the tent as a family pet, played with, and fed with bread, flour, milk, and dates, by the women and children. Thus it becomes attached as warmly as a dog to those of its own household. "Of camel's milk," says the Emir, "it has the particular power of imparting speed, so that a man, if he takes nothing else for a sufficient time, will vie in swiftness with the camels themselves. It strengthens the brain and the tendons, and does away with fat." In summer the horses are not watered till three in the afternoon, or two hours later than in winter. The time for drinking being chosen when the

water is least chilled. The proverb of the desert is, "In the hot season put back the hour of the watering-place, and put forward that of the nose-bag. In the cold season put forward the hour of the watering-place, and put back that of the nose-bag." Among the desert tribes, for forty days counting from August, and for forty days at the end of December and beginning of January, the horses are watered only every other day. Food is seldom given in the morning. The horse marches on the food of the preceding evening, not on that of the same day. The Arab himself is to be inured to thirst. "The cavalier of truth should eat little, and, above all, drink little. If he cannot endure thirst he will never make a warrior—he is nothing but a frog of the marshes." Great care is taken that the horse should drink only water that is pure. He is not curry-combed, but cleaned with the nose-bag, which is made of horse-hair, and he is often washed, if the weather be favourable. Milk is the ordinary drink of horses of the desert. The horses are well covered with cloths made in the tribe for full protection of the loins, belly, and chest. Horses with dark coats need this less than the white horse, whose fine skin is very sensitive.

In the sun he melts like butter :  
In the rain he melts like salt.

Bay is the colour of the hardy. If one tells you that a horse has leaped to the bottom of a precipice without hurting himself, ask of what colour he was; and if he replies Bay, believe him. A desert chief, being pursued, turned to his son and asked, "What horses do you see in front of the enemy?" "White horses," replied his son. "It is well; let us make for the sunny side, and they will melt away like butter." Presently the chief turned again to his son and asked, "What horses do you see in front of the enemy?" "Black horses," replied his son. "It is well; let us make for stony ground, and we shall have nothing to fear. They are the negroes of the Soudan, who cannot walk with bare feet upon flints." A third time the chief asked, "What horses do you see now, my son, in front of the enemy?" "Dark chesnuts and dark bays." "In that case," he cried, "strike out, my children—strike out and give your horses the heel, for these might perchance overtake us if we had not given barley to ours all the summer through." The Piebald is despised; it is own brother to the cow. The Yellow, with white mane and tail, is of the Jew's colour that brings ill luck. The Roan is "a pool of blood." Its rider will be overtaken, but will never overtake. A good horse must have no white spots except the star or white stripe on the forehead; if this descend to the lips, the owner of that horse will never be in want of milk. The Prophet abhorred a horse that has white marks on all its legs. The horse with a white mark that does not come down to the tip of the upper lip, and a stocking on the off forefoot, is like the poison fatal in an hour. Whoever sees him, prays Allah to avert from him the calamity he brings.

One story more. The lion and the horse disputed one day as to whose eyesight was best. The lion saw in a dark night a white hair in milk; the horse saw a black hair in pitch. So the horse won.

### SMALL-BEER CHRONICLES.

IN the second column of the Times advertisement-sheet appeared, the other day, these mysterious words, "Audi, vidi, tace"—coupled with the announcement that a trustworthy personage was just about to start for the Continent with a view to certain "private inquiries." The advertisement was inserted by one Messrs. Pollaky and Co.

Now, here is a new state of things. This organised spy system has sprung into existence quite recently. By the advertisements issued from this office of Mr. Pollaky's, and from another similar establishment kept by retired Inspector Field, you are invited to place in the hands of these gentlemen any affair you want cleared up, entrusting the particulars to them, relying on their secrecy, and on the diligence they will show in serving you. But what sort of inquiries are those in which the ex-detectives are ready to engage? What sort of people are those who apply to Messrs. Pollaky and Field for their secret services?

I wonder to what extent the establishments of these purveyors of useful information are patronised by the public? Of one thing I am quite sure—there are more men to be seen standing about at the corners of streets than there used to be. Are these men—they are generally seedy in their attire, and in the habit of sucking small pieces of straw or chewing the stalks of leaves to while away the time—are these men the agents of Pollaky and Co., and for what are they on the look-out? For more things, depend on it, than are dreamed of in our philosophy. When Mrs. Drinkwater Dreggs gives two dinner-parties, one following the other, all the guests who are invited to one of those festivals are instantly seized with a firm conviction that the dinner to which they are *not* asked is the distinguished one, while the meal at which they are invited to figure is the second-rate affair. Now, it is not too much to suppose that these suspicious personages are in the habit of putting their difficulties in the hands of Messrs. Pollaky and Co. Away goes the trustworthy emissary to Wilton-crescent. He plants himself under the lamp-post, he observes what proportion the cabs which drive up to Mrs. Dreggs's door bear to the private carriages, he studies the appearance of the guests, and, being a shrewd individual, forms his own opinion as to their rank in the social scale; or, if unable to do this, perhaps he will get into conversation with the waiter, who comes to the door for a little air while the gentlemen are over their wine, and from him learns exactly what sort of company is being entertained within. With the information he has gained, the trustworthy one returns to his

employer, and next morning the Seedyman, who were at the first party, and who had the pleasure of meeting a society of nobodies, who, for the most part, reached their destination in cabs and flies, learn that, on the occasion of the second festival, there was a "regular swell turnout, with only one cab, and that a Hansom; and that the company comprised, among other distinguished persons, a baronet and his lady, a dowager-countess, a genius, two members of parliament, and consorts, and a cabinet minister." This knowledge the Seedyman then take to their hearts, and batten thereon to their souls' hurt, but with a certain malignant pleasure, nevertheless.

Or, still keeping to this question of dinner-giving, what facilities are afforded to rival house-keepers, through the agency of Pollaky and Co., for observing the amount of aid which is given to each by the neighbouring pastrycook! When Mrs. A. last dined with Mrs. B., it struck her that the entrées had a professional look and flavour; so, the next time Mrs. B. entertains her friend and neighbour, she—instructed by Pollaky—will remark, as the pastrycook's vol-au-vent circulates, "My dear, what an excellent cook you have got; where *did* you find such a treasure?"

Probably, also, there is a certain amount of occupation furnished to the Pollaky fraternity by that cupidity and desire for gain which dwells in a few human bosoms. When the heirs apparent, presumptive, or expectant, of a wealthy gentleman clean past his youth, hear of his forming such and such new acquaintances, is it likely that Pollaky's Trustworthy one will be forgotten? Will he not be there, at the corner by the lamp-post, watching the frequency of the visits paid by the new friends? Or, suppose it is an aged and single aunt well represented in the British Funds, whose movements are viewed with suspicion. Suppose a host of cousins, with an enterprising mamma, come up from the country, and take a house a few doors from that of the interesting fundholder; is it likely that Pollaky will be forgotten then? Imagine the report which the Trustworthy one would send, in this case, and the consternation it would create. "Sep. 10, 186—Took up position at corner at 11 A.M.—Position commanding a view of the premises occupied by both the parties whose movements I was directed to watch, namely, No. 7, the residence of Miss Stocks, and No. 13, occupied temporarily by Mrs. Hunter and daughters.

"11.15. Servant-maid steps out from No. 13 with plate of hothouse grapes and book, rings at No. 7, holds long conference with servant—elderly female—leaves both book and grapes, and retires. Shortly afterwards, female servant emerges from No. 7 with same book and grapes and rings at No. 13, delivers grapes and book and message, which I was too far off to hear. Servant, however, of No. 13 looks blank, and closes door. Servant from No. 7 returns home.

"11.45. Bath-chair appears in street and draws up—empty—in front of No. 7. A lady—



middle-aged—is seen at window of 13; she observes the Bath-chair, and retires hurriedly. Presently door of No. 13 is partially opened, and servant from time to time peeps out. In few minutes door of No. 7 opens, and elderly man-servant appears with bundle of cloaks and wrappers on arm, which he arranges in Bath-chair, and at the same moment young lady comes hastily out of No. 13, 'places small cushion, covered with red silk, embroidered, at back of chair and retires—door of 13 still a-jar. At twelve o'clock, door of No. 7 opens again, and old lady descends steps very slowly, assisted by elderly man-servant. Chair opened, wrappers arranged. Old lady points fiercely to red silk cushion, and appears to be questioning elderly man-servant, who points towards No. 13 as he replies. Old lady sends him off with cushion to 13, and gets into chair assisted by elderly female-servant of great respectability. Then young lady, same as observed before, comes out of No. 13 apparently in tears, and holding cushion in hand. She approaches chair and addresses old lady, who pushes away cushion as often as offered, and gives directions for chair to move on. Young lady is retiring, when suddenly chair is brought to a stop again, and elderly female-servant is sent back. She hastens after young lady of No. 13, and, overtaking her, the two return towards chair, young lady still carrying cushion. Old lady seems now to agree to receive cushion, for it is placed behind her head, and young lady again retires, smiling sweetly. Chair stopped again, and elderly female again sent back. Again overtakes young lady, and both return to chair. Short parley, and then chair moves on once more, young lady and respectable female, one on each side, arranging cushions and wrappers incessantly, till chair reaches corner of street and is lost to sight.

"12.50. Chair reappears at corner, and descends street. As it passes position occupied by self, young lady heard to say, 'Now, dear Aunt Stocks, you know it is just your luncheon-time, do let us send you in the grapes again.' Old lady replies, 'No; I don't want 'em.' Rest of speech, if any, lost in consequence of chair passing out of earshot. Servant hurries on to ring at No. 7; door opens immediately; old lady enters, and young ditto is left standing outside. She retires to No. 13, goes in, and all is quiet.

"2.5. Door of No. 7 re-opens, female servant comes out bearing small note; takes it to No. 13, and after short conversation with girl who opens door, leaves note and returns again to No. 7. Soon afterwards door of 13 again flies open, and young lady—same as observed before—passes from No. 13 to No. 7, and is admitted. In about five minutes, however, she appears again, and returns home. She would seem to be in tears.

"2.25. A young lady—not same observed before, but considerably younger—issues from No. 13, rings at No. 7, and goes in. Shortly afterwards, close carriage drawn by two fat horses, and driven by fat coachman, comes down street.

It stops at No. 7. It is empty. Door of No. 7 opens, and middle-aged man-servant, standing on steps, conversed with coachman. Approaching as nearly as could judiciously, heard fragments of conversation. Both spoke low, and I was obliged to listen with all my ears. 'Well,' says Butler, 'she do seem to have took a fancy to t'other one to-day.' 'Ah!' replies coachman; 'taint long as she'll fancy e'er a one of the lot.' 'Yes, you're about right there, Simpson,' says Butler. And then there came a bit which I couldn't catch. Presently they talked a little louder, and then heard Butler say, 'Mr. Wyly, the lawyer, he was up here ever so long yesterday, and closeted with missus; and before he went Mrs. Cookson and me, we was called in to witness the signature of one of these here codicils, or whatever they are; but lord! Simpson, she makes a new one 'most hevery month. Between you and me, Simpson, I shouldn't wonder if she was to leave every penny away from hall of 'em, and give it to the Fondling or the Indignant Blind.' 'And a good job too,' replied the other. They would have gone on longer, only old lady appeared at that moment at door, with same female servant, elderly and respectable, that I before noted, and young lady—not cushion, and Bath-chair one, but the other whom I had not seen before—and then they both got into the carriage, and after a deal of packing up in cloaks, and wrappers, and all the rest of it, the vehicle drove off, respectable serving-woman went back into house, and Butler was left standing on steps, and whistling softly to self. But soon after he went in too, slammed door after him, and all was again quiet."

(Journal continued.) "At this time retired to public-house at corner, and ordered chop. While partaking of same in parlour—window of which commanded No. 7, house occupied by the old lady, who had just gone out for carriage-riding—observed middle-aged lady accompanied by a young ditto—not one of those whom I had previously seen—descend steps of No. 13, and ascend steps of No. 7. Door answered by respectable woman-servant, with whom both ladies shook hands cordially, then just standing inside door, opened a large light-looking whity-brown paper parcel which elder lady held, and taking out a very smart cap much bedizened with ribbons, presented same to respectable servant. Respectable servant made show of refusing cap, but ladies insisting, she yielded, and all shaking hands once again, ladies descended steps, smiling, and went away.

"5.15. Carriage returns, containing old lady of No. 7 and young miss, who both go into No. 7 together, and carriage drives away. About an hour afterwards, door being opened for servant to take in evening paper, and it being now dark, can see in lighted hall, plates and dishes, and other signs that dinner is going on. In about an hour, door re-opens, subordinate servant-maid leaving it on jar, takes small three-cornered note to No. 13, and leaves same without waiting for

answer. In very short space of time middle-aged lady, two daughters, and little girl, all emerge from 13, with wrappers over heads and smiling countenances, and knocking at No. 7, are instantly admitted.

"9.50. The whole party from No. 13—middle-aged lady, three grown-up daughters, and little girl—come out of No. 7. They take a polite leave of butler at hall door, and return home. Each of them carries small morocco-covered case in hand. SHOULD SAY THEY WERE PRESENTS."

What would be the feelings of the individuals who had employed Messrs. Pollaky's agent to watch those two houses, Nos. 7 and 13, on perusing the above report! How they would foam with rage as they read that at last the embroidered cushion had been accepted; that one of those "odious girls" had succeeded in forcing her company upon her aunt when the old lady took her Bath-chair exercise, while another was promoted to the honour of a seat in the carriage! Then, again, that present of the cap to the confidential servant, what depths of treachery would that act not suggest? Lastly, that hideous picture of the whole family retiring from the house of the opulent one, laden with presents—old family jewels, perhaps—and making night hideous with the exulting smiles which beamed upon their graceless countenances. Oh! surely here is something like an occasion for Mr. Pollaky and his trustworthy young man, and surely the annals of that sinister office must contain such cases. If not, it soon will, to a dead certainty.

There is something almost terrible about this licensed spy system. That man at the corner of the street is a dreadful being. Suppose a Bishop should feel inclined to go to the Derby in plain clothes, what a wretched thing it is for him to reflect, as he puts on a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers and a paletot, in place of the usual apron and tights, that he will have to pass that man at the corner, who is possibly an emissary of a bishop of different principles, and who is there to watch the house. Suppose a family desirous of economising and prepared for a time to go through with a course of chop dinners, is it pleasant to have that man at the corner inspecting the butcher's tray, day after day, and making notes of its contents, to be written in the annals of the office, a copy being sent to our dearest enemies. Suppose that I get out of an invitation to dine with the Fingerglasses, giving the excuse that I shall be out of town on the day for which they are kind enough to ask me, is it pleasant on the evening of Fingerglass's festival to have Pollaky's young man scrutinising my appearance as I hand my consort into the cab in which we are conveyed to the theatre on the sly?

But there are a host of small changes which demand to be chronicled, of which this Pollaky system is but one. What are the others?

We have given up, except under peculiar circumstances, introducing people to one another.

This fashion of non-introducing has, like many other fashions, descended to the upper middle classes from the grade next above them. Now it is important that in adopting any invention—and a fashion is an invention—we should always be careful to reproduce *all* the circumstances under which that invention, which we wish to avail ourselves of successfully, operates. It is very important that we should remember this, and yet we seldom do so. A lady sees a toilet which she admires very much. As the carriage in which the person who wears that toilet dashes past, Pedestria looks after it and determines that bonnet, dress, parasol, are all admirable. She determines also to become possessed as quickly as possible of a set of articles resembling those as closely as may be. Well, this determination is carried out with all speed, but somehow or other it happens that when the apparel comes home the whole thing is a failure. And why is this? Everything has been copied exactly; what is wanting? The carriage is wanting. The "get up" of that lady whom Pedestria admired so much has been reproduced, but with one of the elements of its success omitted. The toilet was a carriage toilet, and it absolutely looks bad on a pedestrian.

Sometimes this same theory is illustrated in another manner. A certain nobleman has a taste for art. He goes to the studio of an eminent painter, and being himself a tolerably successful amateur, determines to set up a similar establishment. And so he does. His room is the same size as that of the professional gentleman, his light is the same, his window the same. He employs the same models as the artist, and his lay figure is own brother to the lay figure next door. How is it that after a time all this comes to nothing? Everything that the artist has got together the nobleman has got together, but still the pictures produced by the latter will not do, and by-and-by he gives up even attempting to rival his neighbour. Now all this comes, as in the case just before cited, from the omission of one ingredient in the success of the studio, window, lay-figure, and all the rest of it, out of which the professional man got such brilliant results. That ingredient was GENIUS.

It is in this manner that persons belonging to the middle classes very often bring upon themselves considerable annoyance by imitating part of a scheme the other portions of which they are, by the laws under which they live, unable to copy. This fashion of non-introduction is taken from a set of people the reverse of numerous, whose numbers receive no accession from without, and who are perpetually meeting each other. This is the position of that "upper ten thousand" of which we hear so much, to our unspeakable weariness. What do *they* want with introductions?

With the middle class the case is widely different. It is an enormously large class, instead of a very small one, its members are continually being augmented from without, and new members

are for ever being admitted into its circle. When Lord Boodle meets Lord Coodle at the house of the Duke of Doodle, he knows him of course, their estates are contiguous, and so are their seats in the House of Peers; but when I go out to dinner and encounter on my host's hearth-rug a perfect stranger, how am I to know that that stranger is the eminent Mr. Piston the engineer, who has just returned from India, where he is making a railroad? I do *not* know it, and what is the consequence? Before the dinner has got past the entrée period, I have stigmatised, in the strongest language which is permissible, a certain bridge over the Thames which is one of Mr. Piston's most celebrated performances. Now, if that distinguished engineer and I had been introduced to each other, this unlucky thing could not have happened.

"No cards" is an announcement which is by this time familiar to the eyes of all readers of the public newspapers. It shows, now, at the end of a large portion of the wedding advertisements which appear in the Times. So, now our young couples are no longer torn with doubts as to whether it will be better to have their united pasteboards secured together with a silver cord, or simply placed in an envelope with a silver edge, or even with no edge. All these anxieties are taken from the minds of the young people, and they are also relieved from the still greater difficulty of settling to whom those cards, when once they are deposited in their envelopes, shall be sent. The bridegroom has a host of bachelor friends who did very well for companions in the days of celibacy, but to all and each of whom he now devoutly wishes the presentation of a lucrative appointment—admitting of no holidays—in the Marquesas Islands; yet before this happy new arrangement he was obliged to send cards to those "lads of Cyprus," and take the consequences. "No cards" then by all means.

And this change in our manners reminds one of another of a more mournful character. In that grim list of announcements which follows the marriage advertisements, we now find that the form of words "Friends will please receive this notice" continually recurs. This, again, is a new fashion, but there is little to be said about it, except, perhaps, that it is somewhat supererogatory: for if ever there was an announcement which friends *must* receive, whether they please or not, it is that of a death.

The advertisements in our newspapers often give indications of the changes that are operating in our manners and tastes. There is no better way of finding out what are the habits of all sorts of queer people in out-of-the-way corners, with whom one never comes in contact, than by studying the advertisement sheet. We have already paid some attention to the advertisements of Messrs. Pollaky and Co.; what do we say to another of a different sort, in which the public, or such part of the public as it concerns, is respectfully informed that an unobliterated

Antigua postage-stamp will be given away to purchasers of Nos. 2 and 3 of the Stamp-Collectors' Magazine? What a state of things does such an advertisement as this reveal? In the first place, here is evidence given of a desire existing in certain human breasts to possess an unobliterated Antigua postage-stamp; and, in the second place, here is evidence of the existence of a public interested in postage-stamps generally, sufficiently large to support a journal of that public's own. What do they want with these stamps? What do they do with them? I am told by credible witnesses that there are persons who keep books by them, in which these stamps are stuck as if they were beautiful works of art, or specimens of natural history; and I have even heard that a brisk competition goes on among stamp-collectors, and that one of these harmless maniacs will offer another, a stamp of Antigua in exchange for one of Tobago, or vice versa; while others will languish in unheard-of torments, because, mayhap, Van Dieman's Land is unrepresented in an otherwise "splendid collection."

Surely of all the similar developments of frenzy with which we are acquainted, this is one of the dreariest. We know that human beings have existed who have given unheard-of sums for what are called rare editions of particular books, and this not because the editions were more nearly complete or more legible than others, but quite the reverse. We know that other human beings—at least "in the catalogue they go for such"—have wasted their substance in securing, at any price, certain specimens of engravings whose merit consisted in some small, and wholly unimportant, variation in which this particular print differed from the copies possessed by other people. "Woman peeling turnips, early proof, very rare, *turnip standing by itself on edge of table omitted.*" This would be a work of art which in former times would have been worth hundreds of guineas, while a print in all points equally good, but *with the turnip*, would have been comparatively worthless. Nay, such was the madness of print-collectors once, that even a defect would sometimes enhance the value of one of these rare copies, and you would find a proof of "Rembrandt's mother, with mark where the graver has slipped on left eyelid," selling for much more than would be realised by the same print with that defect wanting.

The mania for collecting books and prints is dying out fast, though doubtless there may still be found, here and there, persons on whom it still has a hold. People now collect postage-stamps instead, and all sorts of terrific passions are brought into play, through the yearnings of mankind after certain little bits of coloured paper barely an inch square.

By-the-by, talking of stamps, what has become of the old bellman who, dressed in a red coat, and carrying a large leather bag in one hand, and a dinner-bell in the other, used to go the rounds after five o'clock P.M. to collect the "too-late"

letters? He is superseded and done away with, and an extra stamp does all his work as easily as possible.

The other day a young lady—Madlle. Chenu by name—presented herself at that awful Tribunal the Sorbonne, to apply for the Degree of *Bachelor* in Science. She not only applied for it, but got it; and the announcement of her success was received with a burst of applause from all the other Bachelors who were present on the occasion of her examination. Here is something new, at any rate. The correspondent of the Times, who narrates this remarkable event, either accidentally or on purpose, goes on, after describing the ceremonial of the young lady's investiture, to state in the very next paragraph that: "It is said that cases of lunacy are becoming alarmingly frequent in France."

What a change must have come over our manners when we find (see Times, April 23, 1863) Lord Cardigan settling his disputes and obtaining "satisfaction" through the medium of a court of law, instead of carrying the matter to that other tribunal of which the assize was formerly held at Chalk Farm, or Wormwood Scrubs.

Taught, perhaps, by that wonderful threepence-halfpenny dinner of Glasgow, what may be done by combined action in the way of economical housekeeping, we seem just now to be turning our attention a good deal to the question of the practicability of a more extended hotel and club life, in whose advantages what are called family people should be included. There certainly seem to be enormous advantages connected with the hotel system. To have a professional man acting as your purveyor, who supplies you with house-room, furniture, meals, servants, candles, fires, and all the other necessities of life, and who would be paid by a cheque drawn once a quarter, would be very delightful. It would be such a thing to be free from that "party" who has "called for the poor-rate," or the plumber who wishes to see you on the subject of the pipes. If only the noise which generally disturbs the stayer at hotels could be got rid of, and if only the eatables could get to be characterised by that freshness which belongs at present only to home, or to club-cooked viands—if these advantages could be attained, I for one would cry, Long live the plan of living at hotels! We might all live much cheaper, and much better than we do, and might enjoy a much greater variety than we do, if we combined our resources. Our resources, observe, but not our social moments. A perpetual table d'hôte, with amiable bores assailing you in all directions, is a horror not to be thought of.

I cannot but think that in the next generation—the generation which is now growing up—the general moral, physical, and intellectual level will be very high. If we, still influenced by the taint which that bad period between the Restora-

tion and the Regency infused into our blood—we, in whose youth the present rational and natural system for regulating the nursery was not in practice—we, to whom the calomel powder was not unknown, and who have had to adapt ourselves to modern institutions instead of growing up with them, and knowing no others—if we have advanced so much and changed so much, what will be the progress of that new race whose inauguration into life we are now witnessing? Those children whom we watch with so much pleasure in our public places, with their fair hair floating out to the winds, as well acquainted with cold water and fresh air as they are unacquainted with blue pill—a generation stands like a fence between them and the dark ages of the eighteenth century, and the fumes of the Georgian punch-bowls do not linger in any of the intricate folds of their cerebral developments. Also are the traces of scrofula rare among these favoured little ones, and few of them are seen tottering along with rickety limbs, or with their feeble bodies supported by a frame of iron. When that new generation grows up, a wonderful world will be before them. The different quarters of London will probably all be brought close together by railway communication, the aspect of the town will be immensely altered, nay, for aught we know, we may by that time have a new capital for pleasure, the old one being abandoned to business. India, if the present railway plans be carried out, will be a few days off, and those young gentlemen whom we see scampering about upon their ponies in Rotten Row will be whisking themselves back to the mother country from their quarters in the Punjaub, whenever they see their way to a six weeks' leave. The changes we may legitimately expect to be brought about by agencies now in existence are prodigious, without taking into consideration those which new inventions and new discoveries may bring about in the score of years.

Of all the changes about us, a great diary is kept on which such chronicles as these are but a sort of gloss or comment. That diary is to be found in the journals which come out every morning. The *Small-Beer Chronicle*, drawing near the close of his labours, refers those persons—if there be any—who have been at all interested in his reports, to those same public diaries, from which they can now extract their *Small-Beer* for themselves, and note its workings and fermentings without assistance. Indeed, it is so firm a conviction in the mind of him who has kept this *Chronicle*, that by this time all his readers are themselves fitted to *Chronicle* their own *Small-Beer*, that he would feel it to be almost a mean thing to occupy his post any longer. And accordingly, with a few parting words in a subsequent number, he will beg permission to say farewell to all those whose taste for small things has led them to be partakers of his modest tap.